

THE VAN DYCK EXHIBITION AT ANTWERP. By Claude Phillips.
2895



Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

J. J. Arakelyan, Printer, 235 Congress St., Boston.

A Pittsburg Gentleman

writes in reference to

The Augusta-Victoria Empress Shoulder Shawls:

"My wife and daughter were so much pleased with the shawl that they have decided to have a second one. Of all the shawls I have seen I must say **The Augusta-Victoria** are the finest that have come to my notice, and I advise every gentleman to buy one for his wife or daughter."

Have you ordered one?

They are hand-woven, about 40 inches square, with 6-inch fringe, warp silk, woof wool, in light green, delicate pink, recherche red, light blue, stylish yellow, white or black color.

POSTPAID AND
REGISTERED FOR **\$7.50.**

THE SUSACUAC WEAVING CO., Bethlehem, Pa.

"LINENE" COLLARS and CUFFS



Reg. Trade Mark.

DO NOT WILT

Stylish, convenient, economical, made of fine cloth, and exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. The turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

No Laundry Work

When soiled, discard. Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail 30c. Send 6c. in stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Same size and style.

Reversible Collar Co., Dept V, Boston.



SONGSBY American Composers

Our Special Catalogue

"VOCAL MUSIC"

mailed to any address free.

More than thirty American composers are represented in this attractive catalogue by portrait, page of music, and list of selected published songs.

Teachers and vocalists will be interested in the classified lists of recent publications, a list of selected songs by nearly sixty well-known American composers, and catalogue of vocal methods, studies and exercises, the prices of which, in many instances, have been greatly reduced.

THE MUSICAL RECORD.

Subscription Price, \$3.00 a Year, postpaid. Single Copies 25c. A monthly publication edited by PHILIP HALE. The musical news of the world—reviews, criticisms and articles by eminent musical writers. 16-PAGE SUPPLEMENT OF NEW MUSIC by celebrated composers, with each number, send for premium lists. Agents wanted.

MUSIC REVIEW.

Published monthly. Subscription 25c. a Year. Two or more pieces of copyright music reproduced in each number. Biographical sketches and portraits of composers, with reproductions of their compositions, musical news and notes, list and review notices of new music. Send 2c. stamp for sample copy.

We solicit orders for all Musical Publications

OLIVER DITSON CO. MUSIC PUBLISHERS

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY : BOSTON
CHAR. H. DITSON & COMPANY : NEW YORK
J. E. DITSON & COMPANY : PHILADELPHIA

THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series, }
Volume V. }

No. 2895—December 30, 1899.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXXIII. }

CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|-----------------------|-----|
| I. The Van Dyck Exhibition at Antwerp. <i>By Claude Phillips.</i> | NINETEENTH CENTURY | 799 |
| II. The Perishing Land. IX. The Conscripts of Sallertaine. <i>By René Bazin.</i> | REVUE DES DEUX MONDES | 814 |
| Translated for The Living Age. | | |
| III. A Sonnet. | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL. | 818 |
| IV. George Borrow. <i>By Jane H. Findlater.</i> | CORNHILL MAGAZINE. | 819 |
| V. An Unprofitable Servant. <i>By L. G. Moberly.</i> | TEMPLE BAR. | 824 |
| VI. The End of the Dream. <i>By W. L. Courtney.</i> | SPEAKER. | 830 |
| VII. Cities of the Far East. II. Macao and Canton. (Conclusion.) <i>By André Bellesort.</i> | REVUE DES DEUX MONDES | 831 |
| Translated for The Living Age. | | |
| VIII. Love and Joy. <i>By G. E. Farrow.</i> | PALL MALL MAGAZINE | 840 |
| IX. Brother Felix. <i>By Michael A. Morrison.</i> | LEISURE HOUR. | 841 |
| X. England's Debt to Milton. | SPECTATOR | 845 |
| XI. A Stout Heart is Half-way There. <i>By Frederick Langbridge.</i> | | 847 |
| XII. The Turkish Danger in Africa. <i>By M.</i> | SPEAKER. | 848 |
| XIII. Of the Chrysanthemum. | SATURDAY REVIEW | 850 |
| XIV. The Old Year and the New. <i>By Mary Gorges.</i> | | 852 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS | | 853 |

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

OOM PAUL'S PEOPLE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE BOERS."

By **HOWARD C. HILLEGAS.**

Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.



President Kruger on the piazza of the Executive Mansion, Pretoria.

"THE first systematic and categorical exposition of the whole case and its origins, written by a disinterested observer. . . . An informing book and a well-written one."—*New York Mail and Express*.

"A most interesting and timely book."—*Boston Herald*.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

1831

SEVENTIETH YEAR

1900

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

The **ONLY** Agricultural **NEWS**paper,
and admittedly the
Leading Agricultural Journal
of the World...

Every department written by specialists, the highest authorities in their respective lines.

No other paper pretends to compete with it in qualifications of editorial staff.

Gives the agricultural **NEWS** with a degree of fullness and completeness not even attempted by others.

BEST REVIEWS OF THE CROPS

BEST MARKET REPORTS

BEST ACCOUNTS OF MEETINGS

BEST EVERYTHING

**Indispensable to all Country Residents
who wish to keep up with the times**

Single Subscription \$2; Two Subscriptions \$3.50; Four Subscriptions \$6

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO RAISERS OF LARGER CLUBS.

Write for particulars on this point. Club agents wanted everywhere.

Four Months' Trial Trip, 50 Cents.

SPECIMEN COPIES

will be mailed free on request. It will pay any body interested in any way in country life to send for them. Address the publishers,

LUTHER TUCKER & SON,

Albany, N. Y.

Oh!
why don't you use
Pears' Soap?



All sorts of stores sell it - all sorts of people use it.

THE LIVING AGE:

A Weekly Magazine of Contemporary Literature and Thought.

(FOUNDED BY E. LITTELL IN 1844.)

SEVENTH SERIES.
Volume V.

NO. 2895. DECEMBER 30, 1899.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CXXIII.

THE VAN DYCK EXHIBITION AT ANTWERP.

The exhibition brought together this autumn at Antwerp to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of Anthony Van Dyck is, or rather was, the most complete if not the most splendid display that has hitherto been made of his art. It lacked many things that were included in the memorable exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887, but showed the man all round, with the light and shade which go to make up the artistic as well as the human personality as he has not hitherto been shown. What made the Antwerp collection in one sense unique was the bringing together, within the halls of the museum temporarily set apart for the purpose, of his most important sacred works, both of the first and the second Flemish periods. It is all very well to say, as many admirers of the exquisite portrait-painter have said, and will say again, that we do not want this side of his art. Quite apart from the consideration that it is easy for those who choose to put aside in their estimate the time and the *mileau* to go too far here in the way of depreciation, we cannot fairly judge the man or the artist without these great pages torn from the book of his life-work. Not only are they important in themselves, but they are invaluable for the purposes of study in juxtaposition with

his portraits. The one phase of art serves as a comment upon the other, and aids us to follow out the wonderful technical changes and developments which took place in the practice of the man who, within the short space of twenty-five years—for his extant productions range from a date before 1617 to 1641—gifted the world with a great series of masterpieces. This particular phase of Van Dyck's art is the only one that cannot be adequately followed out in England. In the Royal Galleries, as in the private collections throughout the land, he may be studied in an incomparable series of portraits, not only of the English, but of the Flemish and Italian periods; but for his sacred works we have to go to the churches of the Low Countries, to the galleries of Antwerp, the Louvre, Vienna, Berlin, Munich, Madrid, and St. Petersburg. This is why those students of Van Dyck who have not seized the opportunity of studying him this autumn in his birthplace have done wrong; they have missed an opportunity which cannot possibly recur. Some consolation they may derive from the well-founded hope that the forthcoming exhibition of Sir Anthony's life-work at Burlington House will be more brilliant and more comprehensive as an illustration of the finest side of his art

—that of the portrait-painter. No doubt the doors of the English treasure-house will be opened wider still than they were for Antwerp, generously as most of the great houses of the United Kingdom—following the example so nobly given in this, as in so many other instances, by Her Majesty the Queen—responded to the appeal put forth by the fair city which even now has not ceased to be a centre for art and artists. Still what we shall have will be rather a magnificent collection of pictures—the pick of the basket as regards the Van Dycks which have an abiding resting-place in England—than a complete unfolding of the master's life-work in all its aspects.

It is easy enough to point out the weak places in the most interesting collection which has now again, after two short months, been dispersed. It has disappointed some unreasonable worshippers of Sir Anthony, even as the great display made last year of Rembrandt's *œuvre* at Amsterdam disappointed many Rembrandt fanatics, but chiefly those who had with his art in its successive developments but a superficial and restricted acquaintance.

The ideal exhibition, in the one case as in the other, would have been a very different one. But then the connoisseur and the student should approach a collection of this kind fully armed with such preliminary knowledge of his master as can be obtained by a study of his works in the chief galleries of Europe, or failing this, by an intimate acquaintance with all obtainable reproductions from these works. Invaluable assistance in this particular was rendered both at Amsterdam and Antwerp. At the former exhibition we had for the purposes of study the whole series of reproductions which are to appear successively in Dr. Bode's exhaustive work on Rembrandt. At Antwerp there were set forth in a separate series of minor galleries a

supplementary collection, comprising not only the whole of the famous "Iconographie" or "Centum Icones," based on the paintings and etchings of Van Dyck, together with the first states of many of the etchings themselves, but reproductions either in photogravure or ordinary photography, of by far the greater part of his works in the public and private collections. Both the interest and the usefulness of the temporary gathering of great pictures were doubled by this happy arrangement, and the opportunities for close and immediate comparison which it afforded led to not a few identifications as well as to some important rectifications. It is to be hoped that it will be possible to organize a supplementary exhibition of this kind in some of the vacant galleries at Burlington House, or in case this should prove impracticable, then to supplement at the British Museum what may be wanting in this respect at the Royal Academy.

Before attempting a hasty survey of the treasures gathered together at Antwerp, let us consider for a moment what an ideal exhibition, completely and splendidly representative of Van Dyck's art in every aspect, should have contained. To represent the first period of passionate striving under the shadow of a still greater master, the unreasonable idealist might demand, in addition to what there was—as will be presently seen—at Antwerp, the "Ecce Homo," in the two original versions of Madrid and Berlin; the great "Prendimiento" or "Betrayal of Christ" at the Prado, of which, however, two original versions, presently to be discussed, were actually in the exhibition; the "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," which is in the Rubens Room at Windsor as a Rubens; the "Brazen Serpent" of Madrid, which, in virtue of a gigantic signature, still passes there as the work of Van Dyck's master; the "St. Jerome" of Dresden, and two quite

distinct presentments of the "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian" at Munich. To illustrate the Genoese or Italian period, which was unquestionably the one most meagrely represented at Antwerp, one would have to ransack the palaces of Genoa, and bring from the Palazzo Rosso—now through the generosity of the late Duchess of Galliera a municipal museum—the beautiful "Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale," which it would be so interesting to place in juxtaposition with the still finer "Paola Adorno" of Hampden House; her spouse in the "Equestrian Portrait of Anton Giulio, Marchese Brignole-Sale;" and the "Cristo della Moneta," so avowedly Titianesque, and yet bearing such strong traces of the first Flemish manner. The delicious "Putto Bianco" would come from the Durazzo Palace, and another beautiful "Portrait of a Child" from the Spinola collection. The Tribuna of the Uffizi would have to deliver up its curious "Equestrian Portrait of Charles V," and the Pitti its unrivalled "Cardinal Bentivoglio," and in this class of Van Dycks the English collections would have shown themselves hardly behind the Italian could they have been temporarily deprived of such treasures as "The Balbi Children" from Panshanger, the "Marchesa Balbi" from Dorchester House, the "Marchesa Brignole-Sale and her Son" from Warwick Castle. The sacred art of the Italian period would be best illustrated by the Venetian "Repose in Egypt" of the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, and that still more avowedly Titianesque piece the magnificent "Virgin and Child" of the Schönborn Gallery at Vienna. The transitional moment between the Italian and the second Flemish manners would have an example of unrivalled beauty in the famous "Madone aux Perdrix"—or, more reverently, "Madone à la Ronde d'Ange"—which found its way in the last century, to-

gether with the rest of the Walpole collection, into the collection of Catherine the Second of Russia, and is now one of the most envied possessions of the Hermitage. To give a complete representation of the second Flemish period we should seek to lay under contribution the galleries of Munich, Dresden, Cassel, St. Petersburg, Madrid and Vienna, as well as the great Liechtenstein collection in the last-named city. Though this is the period which is least splendidly and least completely illustrated in England, the nation is fortunate in possessing in the Wallace collection at Hertford House the two most masterly full-lengths of the time which immediately preceded Van Dyck's final migration to England in 1632. These are the companion portraits of the distinguished connoisseur and amateur Philippe le Roy, and his youthful but less than comely spouse. The Louvre would be asked to contribute to the ideal display the great equestrian portrait "François de Moncade, Marquis d'Aytona," and the exceptionally grave and noble "Vierge aux Donateurs." To show in its finest and most personal aspect, and in that only, the English period of Van Dycks, we should want, in addition to the familiar masterpieces at Windsor, the best things from Wilton House, Panshanger, Petworth, Longford Castle, and The Grove, to enumerate which—so familiar must they be to all students and admirers of Van Dyck—is surely not necessary on this occasion. Still, to supplement these typical English Van Dycks we should have to place by the side of the exquisite "Lord Phillip Wharton" of the Hermitage, which was actually at Antwerp, the "Prince Maurice and Prince Rupert," and the "Duke of Richmond" of the Louvre; we should have to rob the Salon Carré of the "Charles I," which is, if not the most imposing, yet by far the most attractive, among the portraits d'ap-

parat of the Stuart king, as it is one of Sir Anthony's very finest works throughout. We should seek to win temporarily back from New York the superb full-length "Duke of Richmond," which was once in Lord Methuen's collection at Corsham. We should beg from Turin the great equestrian portrait "Thomas François de Carignan, Prince of Savoy," from Berlin the bust-portrait of the same personage, and above all, from the Turin Gallery that incomparable canvas "The Children of Charles I," which is first in order of date as in excellence of these familiar representations. This is an achievement which, in silver radiance and purity of color, in triumphant and seemingly effortless beauty of execution, the accomplished master himself has not again approached.

But we are wandering too far from our subject, and must return to Antwerp and the great collection which, for a few weeks, the Antwerpers and their guests from all parts of the world had the opportunity of enjoying and studying.

To watch the developments of Van Dyck's art through the four successive periods into which not only outward circumstances, not only the onward movement of time and the change of *milieu*, but the corresponding transformations of style and method naturally divided it, is to watch in its growth from splendid youth to admirable maturity not indeed one of the greatest creative individualities that have dominated the world of art, but a talent as exquisite in distinction as true to itself in every successive phase, a technical accomplishment as surprising of its kind in solidity, brilliancy and charm as any that could be pointed to even in the seventeenth century.

We do not feel, as we did in surveying the life-work of a Rembrandt, that we are assisting at the creation of a

new art which, by reason of its colossal technical power, ever subservient to the purposes of true expression, which by reason of its grandeur and pathos, its all-embracing pity, its revelation of the innermost springs of human life and feeling, stands alone, and contains already the essence of that which is to give its chief value to the art of our own day. We do not feel—as with Rembrandt—that side by side with the growth of the art there is laid bare to us with absolute *naïveté* the moving tragedy of a simple human soul, the poignant quality of whose emotion appeals to our time with an irresistible attraction of sympathy which it had not even for the master's own. Again, we do not feel ourselves swept away—rebellious, it may be, yet powerless to resist—by the tremendous physical vigor, by the mighty *joie de vivre* which constitutes the essence of a Rubens's genius, and furnishes the best excuse for his wildest pictorial excesses. The elemental force of his art as of his personality, the aggressive splendor, the ardent flame of his color, are not to be looked for in Van Dyck, at any rate after that period of glorious promise in early youth to which we are now coming. What our master does give at the first stage is a febrile, nervous passion all his own, then an aristocratic grace, a refinement which the great art of the Cinquecento in Italy will mature the more easily, the more perfectly, because its attraction is exercised upon an art naturally akin to it. To Van Dyck belongs the glory of having approached more nearly in portraiture to the Venetians at their highest than did any other painter born north of the Alps; of having assimilated, by no mere process of imitation, that divine suavity of Italian art by which, above all other things, it is distinguishable from art that is not Italian. And yet he remains—how otherwise could we rank him so high among the great

masters?—in essentials a Fleming, a man of his own race and his own time, but a Fleming from whose individuality the national qualities of bolsterous vigor, of kinship with the lower humanity, of breadth and expansiveness have been strained away—not, it must be owned, without loss as well as gain. If as a portraitist of high-bred women Van Dyck had but few rivals, if no painter of his time better knew how to realize their fragile grace and the haughty reserve touched with a certain allurements with which they presented themselves to the outer world, he was yet pre-eminently the painter of men. No one has known, as he did, how to conjure up the pensive charm, the thoughtful, apprehensive mood, the manliness, void of self-assertion or truculence, which marked the noblest and most engaging cavaliers of Charles's court.

The *pittor cavalleresco*, as his brothers of the brush, half in scorn, half in envy, were wont to name him in Rome, was, indeed, the very man to prize and to emphasize those attractive if superficial qualities of person and disposition which he found in the ardent youth and the accomplished manhood of the British aristocracy. He was the man whose own temperament would lead him naturally to interpret, as attractive melancholy and a sadness of mysterious import in the countenance of Charles the First, that characteristic aspect which another and an inferior painter might well have translated as an impenetrable and morose reserve. Van Dyck's genius qualified him to render with an even more complete intuition of their true idiosyncrasy the English king and his court than it had enabled him to realize the dignity and splendor of the Genoese aristocracy, and the more self-conscious *hauteur* which marked the great nobles of the Low Countries.

Before proceeding to discuss the Ant-

werp Exhibition—no longer as it might have been, but as it was—it may be well to say a word about the two or three canvases, excellent in quality, yet not Van Dyck's, which through the force of circumstances had found their way into it. It is unnecessary, now that the noble display is a thing of the past, to discuss those weak and second-rate things which, although they might not reveal our master's own brush, issued from his studio or his immediate *entourage*. Silence will best meet the case in this instance, and all the more appropriately because the class of pictures to which we refer is only too common in the private collections of England. Those canvases, however, merit and invite discussion, which, because they do reach a certain standard of merit may mislead those who seek to trace Van Dyck's progress through art if they are added without question to his life-work. First, we have an interesting little "Pietà," lent by Madame Edouard André—exhibited, yet wisely not catalogued—which has no possible claim to be considered as a Van Dyck of any period. Then there is the capital "Portrait of a Man" (No. 93 in the catalogue, put down to the second Flemish period, between 1627 or 1628 and 1632. This is a virile, solidly-modelled performance, rather opaque in the flesh tones, of which neither the conception nor the handling suggests the master at this moment of his career, or indeed any other. The most important instance in which the writer ventures to challenge the attribution to Van Dyck is that of the remarkable full-length "Marie-Anne de Schodt," contributed by Messrs. Lawrie & Co. The peculiar quality of the flesh, both in the lights and shadows, is such as we find neither in Van Dyck nor in Rubens; the general tone, the illumination are other than those of either the one or the other great master. Above all, the absolutely *bourgeois* conception

of this Antwerp dame, the keenness and humor of the characterization are such as cannot be associated with the *pittor cavalleresco*, who never, even in his first period, when Antwerp engrossed him and colored his art, would have conceived or painted thus. The visitor to the exhibition would have searched vainly for anything to match this excellent piece in general aspect or in personal character. To the writer it appears to be due to Jordaens, but to Jordaens in an unusual mood of moderation and self-restraint, and therefore less easily recognizable than he really is. It is only fair to the owners of the picture to add that it has an excellent Antwerp pedigree as a Van Dyck, and that the Belgian critics and organizers of the exhibition have apparently accepted it as such without reservation.

The first period of Van Dyck's practice at Antwerp—those years of *Sturm und Drang* during boyhood and earliest manhood, before the fruitful *Wanderjahre* in Italy—was not only sufficiently but nobly represented in his native city. The more we contemplate this initial phase of Van Dyck's active practice, which was ended—if we adhere to the earlier and more generally accepted date—by his departure for Genoa a few months after he had completed his twenty-second year, the more we must wonder. It is only now that, as we acquire a more intimate acquaintance with his style in his first Antwerp manner, we begin to convince ourselves, for reasons solidly based on the pictures themselves, that many of his most remarkable works, some of them still catalogued under the name of Rubens, some still put down to a much later period in the artist's practice, belong literally to the boyhood of Van Dyck. The writer cannot refrain from frankly recording his opinion that in some respects this is his greatest time. It is certainly his moment of

greatest creative power in sacred art, and here, though he naturally, like most of his contemporaries in Flanders, moves as a satellite of the great central sun, Rubens, he is, in a sense, more personal, more himself, than he can be held to be in the second Flemish phase of his career. To understand the exact quality of this febrile energy, this ardor of conception and execution, one must contemplate the superb portrait of the artist by himself, contributed by the Duke of Grafton. Here a slender and beautiful youth, with fair skin and rich waving hair of light brown, presents himself to the onlooker with no aggressive swagger, yet with the confidence which comes of the proved power to please. His aspect denotes a temperament colored by that element of the feminine—not the effeminate—which often goes to complete and light up true creative genius, and is far from denoting any lack of true virility of mind. This is the finest presentment of the artist by himself dating from the first Antwerp period. It even surpasses the brilliant if rather hasty improvisation of the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg, and may be placed, too, in front of the portrait of the Alte Pinakothek of Munich, which has generally been accepted as the finest of its type. This last, which is slightly more reposeful and dignified than the others, may date from an early period in the Italian journey.

A certain fatigue is imprinted already on the features of the phenomenally successful and brilliant youth: he is devoured by the energy, feverish rather than truly robust, which must belong to the painter of the "St. Martin," the "Prendimiento," the "Brazen Serpent," the "Ecce Homo."

The earliest picture in the exhibition to which a date could be attached was the well-known "Christ sinking under the Cross," from the Church of St. Paul at Antwerp, painted in 1617—that

is to say, when the artist was but eighteen years of age. Here, with many crudities and marks of inexperience, such as we should naturally expect to detect under these circumstances, may be noted the extreme breadth and passion of the conception, and the marked power revealed in the modelling of the nude. The painting is raw, and crude to excess in the lights, heavy in the abrupt and opaque shadows. Of exactly the same period as this very early piece is a hitherto not generally known canvas, "The Good Samaritan," contributed from the collection of Prince Sanguszko in Galicia, and further authenticated by a drawing from the rich collection of M. Léon Bonnat of Paris. Here, however, the defects arising from inexperience greatly outweigh the qualities. Opportunity was afforded, moreover, for renewing acquaintance with the famous "St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar," from the Church of Saventhem near Brussels, to which was obstinately attached a romantic legend, now discredited, showing the youthful master detained, like Rinaldo, on the very threshold of his journey to Italy, by a love-idyll, and during the pause thus brought about painting this picture for the church of the temporary halting place. This pretty story is now shown to be based on no solid foundation, and in lieu of it we must needs put up with the prosaic fact that Van Dyck on his return in 1629 proposed, at Saventhem, for the hand of Isabella van Ophem, and was refused. But with the legend some modern critics of authority have discarded the previously accepted date of the work (about 1621), and have sought to place it as late as 1629—that is to say, in the second Flemish period—making of it thus a very much later replica of the "St. Martin" of Windsor Castle. The picture itself, as lately seen in juxtaposition with the earliest works of Van Dyck, completely shat-

ters this new theory. It follows naturally and closely upon the "Christ sinking under the Cross" and the "Good Samaritan," showing exactly the same crudities, the same technical characteristics in a slightly more mature form. The Saventhem "St. Martin" must have been painted in or before 1621, and it is the precursor, not the reduced version, of the "St. Martin" of Windsor, a work more advanced in style, freer in execution, richer and more pictorial in aspect, if less concentrated in the dramatic expression of the subject. One connecting link between the two pictures is the admirable little sketch in oils of the same subject, contributed from Captain Holford from Dorchester House. It differs in a marked degree from both, yet is manifestly a preparation for the Windsor "St. Martin," and from the point of view of pictorial accomplishment a vast stride in advance of the Saventhem effort. It is much less easy to deal with the "Brazen Serpent," sent by Sir Francis Cook from his collection at Richmond. Its relation to the great "Brazen Serpent" of Madrid, which has only in comparatively recent years been recognized as a work of Van Dyck's early time, and is still nominally catalogued as a Rubens, is an obvious one. Yet it cannot well be accepted as a preparation for that striking work, in which a higher stage of development, a far greater spontaneity of execution is reached. In the Richmond version there are, side by side with passages of great dignity and beauty, others—especially some women's heads—which either inexperience or limited capacity renders completely inexpressive, while the draperies and the hair are, in some passages, rendered in a peculiar, scratchy technique, a mechanical impasto, which we do not find again in the early work. Altogether the picture is a great puzzle. If we are to believe, as we well may, that Van Dyck, even in his earliest

time, had pupils, we may attribute a share in it to one of these. The climax of this early manner is reached with the wonderful "Prendimiento" or "Betrayal of Christ," which was presented by Van Dyck to his master on his departure for Genoa, and preserved among his treasures until his death. This is his greatest dramatic work. Not again will he conceive with this resistless energy, or with a brush certain already in its greatest audacities scatter fire—not literally only—as he goes. Not again will he work in sacred art as independently of example and tradition. That Van Dyck recognized the value of his conception is proved by the pains which he took with the several extant variations on the subject, the best of which are throughout originals, entirely from his own hand. The comparatively small version sent by Sir Francis Cook is the first original of the series. It is done with a spontaneity, with an unerring certainty and force, for which in a painter of twenty-one years of age it would be almost impossible to find a parallel. Next must come the vast finished version which belonged to Rubens, and now, as the "Prendimiento," hangs in the Prado Gallery. Here the group of Peter and Malchus has been entirely redesigned, and as regards pictorial effect, for the better. Last in order comes the large finished version contributed by Lord Methuen to the Antwerp exhibition. In this, which is painted with unabated ardor, and with all the skill of which the youthful artist is capable, there are to be noted several important variations. The group of Peter and Malchus has entirely disappeared, and in the place of the venomous old centurion clad from head to foot in dark mail—the same who does duty in the "Ecce Homo" of Madrid, and the similar but inferior version at Berlin—appears the noble head of an apostle.

Not the least surprising section of Van Dyck's work at this initial stage is his portraiture, which we are only now by degrees separating from that of Rubens. The work of his pupil and friendly competitor is so frank in the characterization, so massive in the blocking-out of the heads, so exuberant in vitality, that to have confounded it with the work of Rubens himself is hardly a crime of *lèse majesté* against the latter. It is only of late years, for instance, that a whole series of portraits of men and women in the Dresden Gallery have been taken away from the elder master and restored to the younger. Then again, in the Hermitage we have the great portrait of Rubens's first wife, Isabelle Brant, and the "Suzanne Fourment with her daughter Catherine," both of which must clearly be placed to Van Dyck's account, even though M. Max Rooses himself continues to claim them for his hero, Rubens. With these two superb pieces there go perfectly well two others of at least equal beauty, the portraits—belonging to the Serge Stroganoff collection, in the same imperial city of St. Petersburg—of Nicolas Rockox and his wife. At Antwerp there were four or five examples of the first order, prominent among them being the superb "Portrait d'un Syndic," lent by Madame Edouard André of Paris. This was sold at the Rothman sale as a Jordaens, and as such had, for the sale catalogue, been forcefully if not altogether faithfully etched by Waltner. It is still, by some connoisseurs, claimed for that painter, but by the majority of competent judges must surely now be accepted as a noble Van Dyck *première manière*, especially now that opportunities have been afforded for close comparison with such indubitable and first-rate works of the same time as the "Portrait du Sieur Vinck" (M. François Schollaert), the "Portrait de Madame Vinck" (M. Paul Dansette),

and the "Portrait d'Homme" (Comte della Falie de Leverghem), a work, this last, which before Rembrandt shows many of Rembrandt's characteristics. The most charming and the most consummate, if not the strongest or the most self-assertive, piece of this time is Lord Brownlow's "Lady with her Child," sent from Ashridge. Here is foreshadowed already, as it is in but few portraits of the initial period, that feeling for aristocratic grace and reserve which is to be so fully developed in the Genoese, the second Flemish and the English styles.

The writer ventures, with some confidence, to place further in this same category, as early portraits by the master, two of his most famous works, the "Van der Gheest" of the National Gallery, which for so long was known and admired as "Gevartius," and the double portrait of Frans Snyders and his wife in the Cassel Gallery. When Van Dyck returned to Antwerp in 1627 or 1628 he painted, it may be, with greater subtlety and distinction, with great fusion, with a greater power of atmospheric envelopment; but he did not paint thus, with this frankness and breadth of vision as of execution, with this vigorous accent and this well-marked impasto. Moreover, in the case of the "Snyders and his Wife" dates are all in favor of the writer's assumption. The great animal-painter was born in 1579, and would thus in 1621 have been forty-two, whereas he would, on Van Dyck's return from his travels, have been forty-nine, an age which the grave, handsome personage in the Cassel picture has certainly not reached.

The Genoese, or, more properly, the Italian, period was the one most meagrely represented in the exhibition, and it is here especially that one would have liked to invoke the aid of the Genoese and the English owners. Luckily, through the generosity of the Duke of A. . . . , the organizers of the ex-

hibition were enabled to present one masterpiece of the first order in illustration of this important phase of Van Dyck's art. This was the great full-length "Paola Adorno, Marchesa Brignole-Sale" from Hampden House, which more than rivals in beauty that better-known "Paola Adorno" of the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa, round which another romantic legend has been woven, picturesque and suitable enough to the personages involved, even though it is based on as slender a foundation as the Saventhem story. There are differences much more marked than might be imagined between the color-scheme and the general design of the two great works, while in splendor of aspect and general preservation, the Hampden House picture is now far ahead of its Genoese rival. There is, perhaps, a more distinct individuality, a greater charm in the characterization of the "Paola Adorno" of Genoa, as she stands in all the freshness and beauty of youth, almost overweighted by the splendor of her costume. We could more readily believe of *this* Paola the romantic story which binds together for a brief space the lives of the Genoese *grande dame* and the ardent young Fleming. But the mastery of the painter is much more triumphantly exhibited in the Duke of Abercorn's canvas, in which, instead of the blue robe, by which the Palazzo Rosso portrait is remembered, she wears one of similar mode and equal magnificence, but fashioned of warm white satin and gold. Finer painting of its kind than this portrait exhibits, especially in the costume and accessories, is hardly imaginable. The splendors of the Flemish and the Venetian schools are here united. This work was deservedly—as M. Henri Hymans has recorded in an interesting article in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*—one of the successes of the exhibition. A noble if not a very well-preserved full-length of the same Geno-

ese period, to which the attractive melancholy of the handsome personage lends an additional charm, is the "Portrait of a Gentleman of the Brignole Family," lent by Baron Giorgio Franchetti of Venice. The Brussels Gallery included among the pictures lent for the occasion to the sister city a vast full-length, newly acquired for the State museum, and here exhibited as the "Portrait of Ambrogio Doria, Doge of Genoa;" it was dated, according to the catalogue, 1626. This picture is, at a first glance, undeniably imposing, presenting as it does to the spectator in his official aspect a handsome and gracious personage, seated in great pomp and rather stiffly, wearing a long robe of black satin, with a toque of peculiar shape, and white ruffles at the neck and wrists. The good impression made at a first glance, is not, however, maintained. The more we gaze the more difficult we find it to believe that in 1626, after he had produced the "Bentivoglio," the portraits just now described, and other masterpieces of the Italian time, he could have painted flesh so pallid and chalky, shadows so black and opaque as these. It seems much more likely that the canvas is the amplification or imitation of a Van Dyck by some contemporary Genoese artist influenced by him. One thing is certain, and that is that the personage is here wrongly named. In the first place the costume is not that of a Genoese doge in the seventeenth century, but of a Procurator of the Genoese Republic. In the next the dignitary represented is not Ambrogio Doria, but Gian Vincenzo Imperiale, a distinguished man of letters of that great family, whose father was the Doge Gian Giacomo Imperiale. This we may gather from a genuine half-length portrait by Van Dyck, of the same nobleman, still preserved by the Marchese Cesare Imperiale at the Villa dell' Albero d' Oro near Genoa. This

portrait, seemingly one of great beauty, is reproduced and described at length by Senor Mario Menotti in one of a very interesting series of articles entitled "Van Dyck à Genova," and published in the Archivio Storico dell' Arte.

Discretion might suggest an avoidance of discussion in the case of the interesting and technically admirable "Holy Family," sent by M. Rodolphe Rann from his magnificent collection in Paris, and set down to Van Dyck's Italian period. The picture makes on a first acquaintance an impression so widely different from anything else in the galleries, or indeed in the *œuvre* of the great painter, that one's first instinct is to challenge the attribution. A close study of the picture has convinced the writer that it is, all the same, the right one. The "Holy Family" must have been painted very soon after the arrival in Italy, and under an Italian influence, which for once is distinctly other than Venetian.

The catalogue is assuredly in error in assigning the well-known "Daedalus and Icarus," lent by Lord Spencer from Althorp, to the period before 1621. This rich-toned and effective piece is markedly and avowedly Titianesque, in the types as in the rendering of the flesh, and can only have been painted in Italy. The contrast between the fair, youthful flesh of the Icarus and the embrowned complexion of the Daedalus recalls the similar contrast in the world-famous "Cristo della Moneta" of Titian now in the Dresden Gallery. This work, either in the original or a repetition, Van Dyck must indeed have known, since he paraphrased it in the already-mentioned picture of the Palazzo Rosso at Genoa.

The second Flemish period of our master, commencing with his return from the grand tour in Italy and lasting until he departed in 1632 to take up his residence permanently at Charles's court, was at Antwerp superabundant-

ly represented, as regards vast altar-pieces contributed by the churches of Antwerp and the neighboring cities; sufficiently, yet with no overwhelming splendor, as regards minor subjects coming within the category of sacred art, and portraits.

The promoters of the exhibition had at one time hoped that the Czar would contribute from the Hermitage not only the "Lord Philip Wharton" but the not less famous "Madone aux Perdrix," which in the beauty and novelty of its motive stands alone among Van Dyck's works of the same class. This was not to be, however; scruples, very natural under the circumstances, prevailed, and those who would see the picture must still seek for it at St. Petersburg. This great work must, judging by its conception and mode of execution, have been executed very soon after the return to Flanders, and when the painter, still under the spell of Titian,—by which, indeed, in his "Holy Families" he was ever, in a greater or less degree, bound—had nevertheless unconsciously begun to look at things from the national point of view. Some mystery surrounds the smaller repetition of the picture now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, which differs in important particulars from the incomparable original at the Hermitage. This is not strong or personal enough in execution to be attributable to the master's own brush. And yet the conception is in many respects more Titianesque than that of the greater example. Notably is this the case as regards the group of the Virgin and Child with St. Joseph, which is purely Venetian. In the working out, too, of the Florentine canvas—for instance, in the floral detail of the foreground—there is not so much of the Flemish accuracy as is to be found in the Hermitage version. Can it be that the Pitti example is derived from an original by Van Dyck which preceded the "Madone aux Perdrix" in order of

date? There is such a picture, closely agreeing in design with that of the Pitti, in the collection of Lord Ashburton, but the writer, not having seen it recently, does not venture to say whether this last is the original of the earlier version. The "Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine," lent by the Duke of Westminster to Antwerp, has many of the technical characteristics to be noted in the Hermitage version, and must belong to much the same period. The catalogue—for reasons which are no doubt good ones, although the writer is not acquainted with them—put the Grosvenor House picture down to the year 1631, which appears to be a date just a little late for the style and tendencies of the work. With the usual Titianesque characteristics are mixed here certain marked recollections of the Parmese school, especially noticeable in the type and the graceful but affected pose of the Virgin. The design of the "Mystic Marriage" recalls, indeed, although the composition is reversed, that of the "Campori Madonna" by Correggio in the Estense Gallery at Modena. It is the vast altar-pieces, already so often referred to, which give a unique color and aspect to the exhibition, even though there are ample grounds for holding that they lay bare the weakness of Van Dyck's art in its maturity, and show retrogression in this all-important branch from the splendid beginnings of his earlier youth. There were assembled in the same suite of galleries, for the first and only time, besides the well-known canvases belonging to the Museum of Antwerp, the "Ecstasy of St. Augustine," from the church of that saint at Antwerp; the "Elevation of the Cross," from the church of Notre Dame at Courtrai; the "Crucifixion" (known as the "Christ à l'Eponge"), from the Church of St. Michael at Ghent; the "Calvary," from the Church of St. Rombaut at Malines; the "Crucifixion,

with the Virgin, St. Mary Magdalene, and St. Francis of Assisi," from the Church of Notre Dame at Termonde. Though Van Dyck appears here still dominated in the main by Rubens, and by no means seeking to emancipate himself from the Rubenian formula in sacred art, he shows very clearly, too, in these most onerous undertakings, which can hardly have been to him a labor of love, that he has submitted to the influence of the Bolognese school, then at its zenith. The formula may be in the main Rubenian still; the gray, severe tonality, deliberately selected and adhered to, is in the strongest contrast to the glow and the richness from which the elder painter only exceptionally abstained, even in such subjects as this, and then only partially abstained, since he allowed to translucent grayness all its vigor and effectiveness. Very noticeable, and the reverse of attractive, is, in Van Dyck's altar-pieces of this time, the purely rhetorical quality of the passion, the direct appeal by the personages, as in the sacred works of the Carracci school, to the sympathies of the spectator—and the average spectator, too—who is more likely to be moved by rhetorical passion than by a deeper and less demonstrative pathos. It is not so much the sacred drama lived through again as the sacred drama deliberately and not ineffectively presented from the stage dramatic standpoint that he gives us.

All the same we must not shut our eyes to the vast ability even here revealed. The finest work of this class, the "Ecstasy of St. Augustine," is also the first in order of date, since it was painted in 1628. The lower part of the great canvas in which the saint is depicted in an ecstasy of prayerful appeal, is conceived much as a Ludovico Carracci or a Domenichino might have conceived it, but painted with greater pictorial attractiveness than the protagonists of the Bolognese school had

at command. The upper part of the canvas, completely filled with a flower-like group of boy-angels in type like those of the "Madone aux Perdrix," is of the rarest beauty. The solemn, but too cold and formal, "Christ on the Cross, with St. Dominic and St. Catherine of Siena," produced as a memorial of the artist's dead father, dates from 1629. It is interesting above all on account of the inscription added by Van Dyck himself: "Ne patris sui manibus terra gravis esset hoc saxum Cruci adolvebat et huc loco donabat Antonius Van Dyck." To this same year, 1629, belongs the great "Deposition" contributed by the Museum of Antwerp. This is certainly the most masterly, the most genuinely-imposing performance of its class and time; in it fine balance and monumental grandeur of aspect make amends for the too artificial and deliberate character of the conception. This must not be confounded with another "Deposition" of the same class and of the same monumental character, yet in many particulars of a different design, which is in the Berlin Gallery. Exceptional again, both from the dramatic standpoint and by reason of the singular beauty and appropriateness of the color-scheme, is the "Pietà" of smaller dimensions, also belonging to the Antwerp Gallery. Strictly speaking, this last belongs to the English period, since it was painted in 1634-35 for the Abbé Scaglia, at the time of that final visit of the master to his native city, from which dates some of his most admirable work. It is what the impressionists used to call a "symphony" in silver gray and blue, the beauty of which is wonderfully enhanced by the pale, glowing blonde hair of an angel, and the rich black of a drapery brought into the scheme with an audacity that only complete success would justify.

As illustrating the portraiture of this second Flemish period, in which Van

Dyck produced work of a more weighty dignity and reserve than at any subsequent time, and of an execution, too, which was certainly not less consummate of its kind, one would have wished—it has been said already—for the presence of certain masterpieces which were not to be found at Antwerp. Nothing there showed the highest level of his ability at this particular moment as the "Philippe le Roy" and "Madame le Roy" of the Wallace collection, as the "François de Moncade" and the pair of anonymous full-lengths in the Louvre, as the "Duke of Croy" and the "Burgomaster" and "Burgomaster's Wife" of the Munich Gallery would have done. The tonality in the great series of pictures of this time contrasts singularly in its austerity with the rich, deep glow of the Genoese portraits on the one hand, with the lighter and more delicate sheen of the English portraits on the other. The lover of this phase of Van Dyck's art might nevertheless find much to attract, if not completely to satisfy him in the galleries of the exhibition. If Prince Liechtenstein had not consented to part with his famous three-quarter length "Maria Luisa de Tassis," the Duc d'Arenberg had sent a very similar, and, in point of characterization, if not in the degree of fascination exercised, hardly less remarkable portrait, the "Anne-Marie de Camudio, femme de Ferdinand de Boisschot." The rendering is not less sumptuous than finely—for Van Dyck, unusually—interpretative of the sitter's true individuality. Then we had the "Portrait de Malderus, Evêque d'Anvers" from the Antwerp Gallery, the "Martin Pepyn" from the same place, the "Portrait d'Alexandre della Faille,"

from the State Gallery at Brussels, the "Portrait du R. P. Jean-Charles della Faille," and other things not calling for special enumeration here. The Duke of Grafton's "Portrait of the Organist Liberti" is one of numerous replicas of the well-known picture in the Alte Pinakothek at Munich, another and a finer repetition being that at the Prado.¹ The large full-length of Marie de Médicis (Chevalier Decker), painted in 1631, and identified by a view of the Scheldt and Antwerp in the background, is historically in the highest degree interesting. All the same, the imposing canvas has suffered so much that it would not be fair to regard it as a typical example of Van Dyck's second Flemish manner.

Thanks in a great measure to the generosity of the English collectors, the final period of our master's practice, during which—with one important interval in 1634-35—the English King and the English Court completely engrossed him, was splendidly illustrated in the city which had by England been deprived of his great services. It has been held with some show of justice that this English period is, in a sense, coincident with the weakest and most uncertain phase of Van Dyck's art. This appreciation—or depreciation—can certainly only apply to such portion of the work carried out during that time as the overworked painter, careless of the danger to his future fame, caused to be executed by pupils and assistants. It is wholly unnecessary to repeat here the well-worn description of Van Dyck's method in the winding up of the portraits demanded of him by cavaliers and courtly dames. (Too many of the private galleries bear witness to the unfortunate results of the process,

¹ The "Van Dyck in Youth" and the "Organist Liberti," contributed by the Duke of Grafton to the Antwerp Exhibition, are described in Evelyn's Diary, under the 16th of October, 1677, as "two of Van Dyck's, of which one was his own picture at length when young, in a leaning posture,

the other an eunuch singing." The "Carondelet with his Secretaries," by Sebastiano del Piombo, which is still in the same collection as a Raphael, is in the same passage of the Diary described as "that incomparable piece of Raphael's, being a Minister of State dictating to Guicciardini."

and to the feeble, nerveless character of the paintings thus produced and inevitably classed as the master's own. The clamorous impatience of fashion has ever been harmful to the painter, whether that painter be Raphael, Rubens, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Lawrence, or Millais. When, however, our master was stimulated by his subject, and did his work himself, he painted with a sovereign skill, with a command of all the resources of his art such as he had not at any previous stage of his practice exhibited. In support of this assertion it is but needful to cite such famous examples as the "Lord Phillip Wharton" of the Hermitage; the "Henrietta-Maria" of Longford Castle; the "Children of Charles I" of Turin; the "Abbé Scaglia" of Dorchester House; the "Beatrice de Cusance" of Windsor Castle, the "Lords John and Bernard Stuart" of Panshanger, and those two half-lengths of Henrietta Maria at Windsor Castle—the full-face and the profile—which were destined for, but apparently never sent to, Bernini.

Apart from all the rest stands the well-known "Earl of Arundel with one of his Grandsons," lent by the Duke of Norfolk. This, the undoubted original of more than one repetition, has never looked as magnificent as it did at the recent exhibition. Though, judging from the age of the personage represented, the portrait owned by the great Arundel's descendant must necessarily be included in the English period, it is like nothing else in it. Here we have not an imitation of Titian, but a crossing of swords with him—an emulation of his finest efforts in the same class. And Van Dyck hardly appears inferior here to his prototype—so dignified and yet so faithful is the characterization, so superb the glow and transparency of the sombre yet jewel-like color, so admirable the *tenue* of the whole. The greatest and most discriminating patron of art of his time deserved to be

thus honored by the painter best fitted to deplete him. In quite a different style the often-cited "Lord Philip Wharton," from the Hermitage, is a masterpiece of the first order. It is generally from the age of the sitter set down as having been executed in 1632, though the execution might lead us to place it a year or two later. This youthful Apollo, in the habit of an English nobleman, unaffectedly faces the spectator, looking out of the canvas with all the freshness, with all the ingenuousness of his nineteen years. He wears, carelessly thrown over a simply-fashioned coat of steel-gray velvet, a mantle of orange-tawny, the very original color-harmony being completed by the rich dark green of a hanging behind the figure. To parallel such a representation as this of aristocratic youth in its bloom, giving the physical beauty, the delicate sensibility of the young cavalier, with the happy suggestion of true virility beneath, one must turn back to Venetian art in the golden moment of its first prime, and call up the portraits left to the world by Giorgione, by Titian in his youth, by Sebastiano Luciani in his Giorgionesque phase. Other works of the same class, but of ampler and more magnificent proportions, are the well-known portrait-group, "Lord George Digby, Earl of Bristol, and Lord William Russell, Duke of Bedford," lent by Lord Spencer from Althorp; and that similar piece, "Lord John and Lord Bernard Stuart," from Lord Darnley's collection at Cobham, which hardly yields in attractiveness to the different portrait-group of the same charming youths at Panshanger. Appropriately truculent and self-assertive is the full length from Knoke, "Edward Sackville, fourth Earl of Dorset." One of the most superb show portraits of Van Dyck's English time—and something more than this—is the full-length of a splendidly-costumed young nobleman, sent by

Herr Herzog from Vienna, and catalogued as "William Villiers, Viscount Grandison." The execution is all Van Dyck's own, and a close analysis of the color, as subtle as it is daring and brilliant, would not be without its use. This Viscount Grandison is a very Osric in the elaboration of his clothes, and the naïve delight he takes in them is discreetly and even humorously indicated. To the Van Dyck exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery (1887) the Duke of Grafton, under the title of "George, Viscount Grandison," contributed either this same work or one precisely similar. It must suffice to recall the fact that those celebrated Van Dycks, "Charles the First in three Positions," and "Three Children of Charles the First," went from Windsor to Antwerp, there filling important gaps in the display. The not less familiar "Thomas Killigrew and Thomas Carlew," bearing the date 1638, is exceptionally important as affording proof of Van Dyck's unabated artistic sensibility, in a subject chosen and worked out by himself. Belonging to the English period, but painted at Antwerp in 1634, is the magnificent full-length "Abbé César-Alexandre Scaglia," sent by Captain Holford from Dorchester House, than which a subtler piece of characterization or a finer picture was not to be found in the exhibition. The Antwerp Gallery had sent its own well-known repetition of this piece, presented by Abbé Scaglia himself to the Récollects of Antwerp, and on the strength of this *provenance*, as of an elaborate inscription—sometimes, not by true connoisseurs of Van Dyck's art, however—put forward as the original. The committee had the fairness and the good sense, notwithstanding the close connection of some of its members with the municipal Museum, to place the two canvases almost side by side, so that the truth might once for all assert itself. In this juxtaposi-

The Nineteenth Century.

tion the Antwerp version showed a fairly accurate yet pale and colorless copy of the admirable original from Dorchester House, the claims to supremacy of which can never again be questioned, even by those with whom "local patriotism" asserts itself above connoisseurship.

It is, unfortunately, impossible to discuss on the present occasion the fine collection of drawings which accompanied the paintings, and in some instances served to explain their genesis. These were contributed from the rich cabinet of the King of Italy at Turin, and from the noted collections of the Duke of Devonshire, M. Léon Bonnat, Mr. Heseltine, Sir Charles Robinson, and others.

Though Sir Anthony Van Dyck died before he had achieved his forty-third year, and died, too, at the zenith of his powers, if not in the fulness of his physical strength, a careful consideration of his life-work in the very representative section of it brought together at Antwerp, serves to confirm the conviction that when he thus prematurely vanished from the world he had said his last word. Had he been relieved from the stress of his life of work, fashion and sensuous delight in England, had his shattered health been restored, he would no doubt in the future have continued to paint as exquisitely as he did in his best things, to the very end of his wonderful career. But a new and final development, a supreme efflorescence such as the art of Rubens showed during the last fifteen years of his life, was not to be looked for. This had already come with the climax of the English period, and Van Dyck, though he died at an age which, with some men—with a Titian, for instance—has coincided with the youth of an artistic career, cannot be said to have carried with him to the grave any undeveloped element of his genius or art.

Claude Phillips.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

IX.

THE CONSCRIPTS OF SALLERTAINE.

The afternoon of that autumn Sunday was wonderfully and profoundly still. The air was warm, the sunshine veiled. The gentle breeze that preceded the rising tide encountered in its passage across the wide grassy level not a sound of human toll; not the creak of a ploughshare, or a single blow of axe, hammer, or spade. The steeples only spoke aloud, responding one to another from Sallertaine, Perrier, Saint-Gervais, Challans, where there is a grand new church like a cathedral, and Soullans, which lies buried in trees upon the higher land. Between the peal for High Mass, the triad of strokes for vespers, and the tinkling summons of the Angelus, they had but little rest; flinging far and wide the message so many times delivered and for ages understood—submission to God, renunciation of the world, the forgiveness of sins, union in prayer and universal equality before the promises of eternal life. The sacred words, encountering one another in mid-air, and uniting with a thrill, were like festal garlands looped from spire to spire; and there were few, very few, among those husbandmen and herdmen who failed to obey their mandate. The roads, which during the week were well-nigh deserted, saw whole families of pedestrians going to or from church, those who lived near by moving at a leisurely pace, those who came from the distant parts of the parish walking more briskly. In the broad canal which ends close beside the church, and serves as

the port of Sallertaine, there were always one or more punts in motion.

Toward evening the bells ceased to ring. Even the tavern-customers had paid for their drinks and gone back to their quiet farms which lay slumbering in the pale clearness of the declining day. Universal silence reigned over a region which is at no time noisy, but which enjoys at the end of every week a few hours of absolutely undisturbed meditation. It is a wonderful thing—that Sunday truce with labor, during which harassed souls recover their tone, and families assembled in calm and thoughtful groups count up their living and their dead.

To-night, however, the calm was of short duration. Mathurin and André Lumineau were resting beside the grassy farm road of Fromentière, just outside the great stone gateway, under the young elms which afforded a temporary shelter to the carts and hurdles. The invalid lay curled up on one of the hurdles with a rug over his feet, slowly recovering from the exertion and excitement of the morning. Out of kindness to him André had declined to return to the village with his father, and now lay upon his stomach in the grass, reading aloud from a newspaper. He also added a running commentary to his items of intelligence, explaining, as one who has seen the world, the whereabouts of Clermont-Ferrand, and Lille, in Flanders, as well as of India and Japan. He twisted his little blonde moustache as he read, and his bright,

* Copyright by The Living Age Co.

open countenance beamed with youthful self-complacency.

About four o'clock the notes of a bugle were heard to the left of Sallertaine, coming from far out in the Marais, about half-way between the home-parish and that of Soullans. Roused from the torpor into which he had been plunged by the reading of the paper, Mathurin looked keenly at André, who had let fall his journal at the first note, pricked up his ears, tossed back his head, and was listening with a smile.

"Those are the recruits," remarked the elder. "They will soon be off now, there in the Marais."

"Tis the bugle call of the African cavalry," answered the younger with a flash in his eyes. "I know it. I wonder if there is one of our men down there in the Marais."

"I think so. One who served his time in the Zouaves."

There was a silence, during which the two men lay listening with very different thoughts to the Zouaves' playing. André beheld again, in imagination, as it had been far away in the Marais, a white town with narrow streets, and a troop of horsemen issuing from beneath the echoing arch of a crenellated gateway. As Mathurin observed the expression of his face, he said to himself: "His heart is there still, in the place he has come from," and for one instant the invalid's features relaxed and his eyes dilated, like those of a wild beast who has caught sight of his prey. Relapsing almost immediately into his wonted mood, he said:

"After all, 'Driot, you love that music."

"Oh, yes."

"Do you wish you were back in the regiment?"

"Rather not! Nobody ever wishes that."

"Then what was it you liked so much about that life?"

The young man glanced at his brother a little curiously, as though wondering why he had put the question. Then he replied:

"Oh, the country, you know—but listen a minute! It's the *reveillé* he is playing now."

The shrill flourishes of the bugle ceased, after a moment, and five or six powerful but ill-trained voices began to sing the Soldiers' Farewell. A few fragmentary words and phrases reached Fromentière:—

"Mourir pour la patrie,
... le plus beau d'envie—"

The rest were swallowed up in space, and yet the sound drew nearer. Lying motionless under the elm-trees, and each pursuing the train of thought awakened by the first notes, the two brothers heard, marching up from the Marais, the conscripts of Sallertaine.

Toussaint Lumineau heard them, too. He was coming slowly back from vespers, accompanied by his friend Massonneau—a tall, thin farmer, with skin as brown as a kernel of wheat, the tendons of his neck standing out like those of a fowl's brisket, and who had a nervous habit of throwing up his chin, which had won for him the nick-name of High-and-Mighty. This pair of neighbors, who represented in their two persons the ripe years and old-fashioned wisdom of the Marais, were discussing the recent events at Fromentière. They knew the name, surname, pedigree and history of every soul in Sallertaine, as well as those of, at least, the two preceding generations. Arrived at the last of the village houses, just before setting foot on the canal bridge, they stopped by a simultaneous impulse, and turned their faces toward the quarter whence the breeze came.

"Do you hear?" said Lumineau. "They're blowing their trumpet, and

the poor boys are singing! But the parents of those who are going off can only weep."

"Yes," answered Massonneau, throwing up his chin. "It is hard for the parents."

"I can give you," said Lumineau, "the name of every one of them, for I know their boys' voices from here. You good folks from Bonnellerie and Grand-Paement, and Duche-Pie and Linotières, you have every one of you lost a son! I only hope it may not be with them as it was with my François. It was living over yonder that changed him so. The town cost me my child."

"It was the same with the boy from Pinconnière," said High-and-Mighty.

"And from Levrelles."

"And from Parée-du-Mont."

They might have gone on indefinitely had not Massonneau interrupted their enumeration by the remark that the men were marching up from the Marais.

"They have begun to sing again," he said, "and they seem to be going to your place, Lumineau!"

The conscripts had, in fact, taken the road to Fromentière. Fragments of their patriotic song, alternating with the brazen tones of the bugle, floated off over the silent Marais. Borne afar upon the wind like seeds of sorrow, they roused into activity, wherever they chanced to fall, the old griefs and unavailing regrets of humble souls, dwellers in remote villages and upon lonely farms, who were made sick at heart by the passing of the conscripts of Sallertaine.

When they had reached the Fromentière meadow, Mathurin, whose abnormal powers of observation had enabled him to follow every step of their progress, observed to André:

"This is the fourth farm at which they have stopped. I expect they are taking up their contribution for the recruits. You didn't know about that,

maybe? For two years now they have made it a practice to visit every farm where there is a young girl of their own age, and beg a chicken of her for their consolation because they have been drawn. You'd better catch one and have it ready for them when they pass. Rosette is on their list."

"Of course I will," cried André, laughing and leaping to his feet. "Here goes! What do they do with their chickens?"

"Eat them, of course! They have two, three, four farewell banquets. Hurry up! They are almost here!"

André vanished into the courtyard, and the next instant his clear laugh was heard and the rush of his footsteps over the threshing-floor, mingled with the terrified shriek of the fowl he was attempting to seize.

He presently came back grasping by its legs the captured bird, who beat the ground in time to his footsteps with wings outcurved and speckled white and gray.

At that very instant the bugle rang out from the bottom of the walled orchard. Mathurin had half raised himself from the hurdle, stiffening the muscles of his arms and resting his hands upon the cross pieces, while with shaggy head thrust forward he awaited the arrival of the visitors. André stood beside him and the sun was setting directly in front of them, in the gap of the road that led down to the Marais. An enormous globe, reddened by the mist of the marshes, filled all the space between the sloping banks on either hand.

Suddenly, amid the flood of dazzling light, the figures of three girls appeared.

They were coming up arm-in-arm, in their black gowns and lace caps, the tallest in the middle. They advanced with swaying heads, the jet trimming of their little velvet shoulder capes flashing in the sun. They were girls from Sallertaine, but the sun was in

their backs, and no one would ever have recognized them save Mathurin, who knew that the tall girl in the middle was Félicité Gauvrit. Just behind them came the bugler, then a man carrying a flag, and after these the five conscripts abreast, with the chickens they had already collected, either clasped in their arms or depending by a hempen string.

After following the path for a hundred yards or so, the troop halted under the elms beside the ruined wall of Fromentière.

"Holloa, there, Brothers Lumineau!" cried a voice.

There was a peal of laughter from the band of marauders, excited by their adventure and by the muscadet they had already drunk at the various farms. The wrists of the invalid bent under his weight, and he glanced apprehensively toward André, who held out the grey fowl, while Félicité Gauvrit, without quitting her companions, pushed a little in front of them, and regarded with evident approval the youngest son of Fromentière.

"You knew what they wanted," she said, "and have brought it, like a clever lad! Come, Sosthine Pageot, take Rosette's chicken!"

A stout, rubicund fellow, a little boozy with wine, came forward and received the bird. But Félicité, divining, from the silence of André and his half-sarcastic smile, that he was a trifle shocked to see the daughter of Seullière in such company, added somewhat carelessly:

"You must not imagine that I go roaming the Marais every day after the conscripts. I'm doing it to-day out of sheer good nature. These two young friends of mine whose names are on the list were drawn to take up the contribution, but they did not dare go alone, and it would have been a failure but for me."

She expressed herself well, with a

certain choice of words which betrayed the habit of reading.

"That would have been a pity," answered the young man drily.

"Would it not? Especially since I so seldom come this way."

She glanced with a sigh at the windows of Fromentière, the stables, the grist-mill—then added in a gayer tone:

"You must come to one of our evenings, André. The girls here will expect you."

There were nods of assent on her right hand and her left.

"Perhaps," replied André. "It is a long while since I danced at Saller-taine, but the notion may take me to do so some day."

She thanked him with an almost imperceptible wink, and then made as if she had just caught sight of Mathurin Lumineau, who had been gazing at her all the while, with sad, impassioned eyes. Her look changed to one of pity and distress, which was not altogether feigned.

"What I say to one, you understand, Mathurin, I say to all. If it would not fatigue you too much!—I was so glad to see you at Mass this morning. That shows you must be better."

The invalid could find no words in which to answer her, save those which had already shaped themselves in his heart:

"Thanks, Félicité! You are very good, Félicité!"

He pronounced her name with such an accent of adoration that it affected even the Saller-taine conscripts, half stupefied as they were.

"What was your regiment, Mathurin?" asked the man who carried the flag.

"Third Cuirassiers."

"Give the Cuirassiers' flourish, bugler, for Mathurin Lumineau. Forward! March!"

The three maidens from the Marais, the bugler and the color sergeant, fol-

lowed by the five conscripts, quitted the shadow of the elms and resumed their march up the road toward the Four-Mills,—the old stones of the farm trembling under the bugle-blast. When the last lace cap had disappeared between the willows and the bulrushes that bordered the way, Mathurin said to his brother, who had taken up the newspaper again, and was running his eye over its columns a little absently:

"Would you believe it, André? It is the first time in six years that she has been here?"

"She did you one ill turn, my poor boy," said André sharply. "Take care that she doesn't do you another."

Mathurin muttered an angry answer, and gathering up his crutches moved off to the next tree, against which he stood leaning. The brothers exchanged no further word, but both of them turned instinctively toward the Marais, where the sun was just sinking below the level horizon-line. Only a segment of the burning orb remained visible, broken along its outline by scattered clouds, and crossed by the trace-y

of some indeterminate object—a willow-bough or clump of reeds—which gave it the aspect of a crown of thorns. In another instant it was gone, and the air upon the uplands began to freshen. The bugle-notes and the sound of singing voices grew fainter, then ceased altogether to disturb the tranquillity of the scene, while scattered lights began to twinkle through the wide-spread mist. Peace returned to the Marais, as one by one its sorrows subsided in slumber or were soothed by the evening prayer.

Old Lumineau beheld, on his arrival at the farm, his two sons under the trees, both motionless, and lost apparently in contemplation of the sleeping land. He was unable to divine their thoughts, but he saluted them in a loud, clear voice:

"It's a fine view, is it not, lads? But come in now! Supper must be waiting." And he added, under his breath in the darkness, to André, who came forward first:

"Oh, my 'Drilot, how glad I am that you are out of the army!"

(To be continued.)

A SONNET.

So soft your words were when you went away,
So smooth your brow the while you said good-bye,
So deep the tranquil candor of your eye,
So calm the peace that like a halo lay
Around your head. Had you no wish to stay
A little longer with us? or a sigh,
The while the death-mist and the grave drew nigh,
To mourn the fleetness of your shortened day?

Had earth no joys wherewith to tempt you, sweet?
Was life so heavy with its weight of woe
That, in the turmoil of the market-street,
You should be weary ere the sun was low?
Was Earth so sad it could not stay your feet?
Or Heaven so fair that you were fain to go?

Chambers's Journal.

GEORGE BORROW.

There has been of late a great rising again from the shelves of George Borrow. Every magazine has its article upon him, and the tardy publisher at last begins to advertise the much-needed "new and complete" edition of George Borrow's works. All this is consequent upon the publication of Dr. Knapp's "Life of Borrow"—the first authentic life of the man which has appeared since his death in 1881.

Now, it is more than fifty years since the Borrow books were published—time enough, surely, for a reputation to be made; time enough even for it to be made and forgotten and made over again; and this is a good deal what has happened to Borrow's reputation in these fifty years. "The Bible in Spain," and "Lavengro," and "Romany Rye" created an immense sensation in their day, yet it is a surprising fact that, even among people who profess an interest in books and are well-read in modern literature, there is a large class who only know Borrow by name. "Oh, yes, he wrote about gypsies," is the usual uninterested answer such people give when asked if they know anything about him. Indeed, a vague impression exists in some quarters that Borrow was a sort of lay evangelist, who went about scattering Bibles among the gypsies, and then wrote an account of the conversions he had brought about. "The Bible in Spain" was perhaps the most ill-advised title that a well-written book ever labored under, giving as it does the idea that the book is a prolonged tract.

But the new "Life," and the interest that it has created, will surely send readers to the books themselves to get all their false impressions put to rights; after reading them is the time to read

the "Life," and not till then. This provokingly exhaustive "Life" tells us exactly what we do not wish to know; and it has reticences which the true admirer of Borrow feels to be almost an insult. We open it, full of interest, confident that we shall find here the solution of a great many puzzles; and we do not find it. Dr. Knapp tells his readers at once as much and as little as it is possible to tell them. That is to say, he gives aggravatingly precise dates and lists of dry-as-dust details, while he tells us nothing at all about the real George Borrow. Does any one care to have a list of all the boys who were at school with Borrow at Norwich; or to have a dated list of everything he ever penned, known or unknown; or to be presented with a facsimile of the first advertisement of "Romany Rye?" Such trivialities are purely teasing in a biography which should be plainly what it is—nothing more or less than a story. The biographer who makes his hero a hero is the successful writer of lives; and no one who cannot do this should essay the task. Nor should the real biographer resent as "curiosity" the reader's wish to know the truth about the man he reads of. Unless the truth is told in a life it had better not be written, and to "suppress" facts just because they do not reflect credit upon the subject of them is necessarily to falsify the whole character-sketch. Dr. Knapp perhaps does not actually "suppress," but he draws a curtain down with great determination every here and there, always just as the scene is getting interesting. Could there be a surer way than this of bungling a biography?—to tell every unnecessary detail and omit every vital fact.

However, one must "take what one gets and be thankful," as the old proverb says in the way of biography—that least understood of all the perplexing paths of literature. For the generally-received idea is that any one can write a life if given the facts, and, until that grievous mistake is corrected, we must just read dull lives of clever men with patience, waiting for the clever men to rise who will be able to write even the lives of dull ones amusingly.

Dr. Knapp's object, then, in spite of his worship of George Borrow, seems to have been to make him entirely prosaic in the eyes of his readers. There is not a hint even of interest or of romance in these two great volumes. And this is the life of George Borrow, the prince of adventurers, whose books read like a long fairy-tale written for grown-up people! All the burning questions which we have on our lips after reading the Borrow books, remain unanswered when we have finished the "Life": "What did he do in 'the veiled period'—those mysterious seven years that are 'omitted' from the Life?" "Who was Isopel Berners?" "Did he ever meet her again?" "Was Borrow mad?" "Was he a humbug, or did he really take an interest in the Bible Society?" "Was he happily married to his elderly wife, or did he marry for money?" All these facts may be "too sacred" for publication, but if they are, then the man's whole life was unsuited for a profane public to investigate into, and the "Life" should never have been published.

I am confident, however, that Borrow's admirers who *first read all his books* and then read his "Life" will form their own (perhaps mistaken) theories upon his life. They will know well enough whether he ever met Isopel Berners again; and whether he was happily married; and whether he was mad; and what he did in the "veiled period." And it is certain that these

theories, one and all, will be quite different from the suggestions which are thrown out in the "Life" by discreet Dr. Knapp.

But I have been writing all this time as if my readers had read Borrow's life and his books; while the chances are that many of them have read neither, and therefore are quite in the dark about them both. For the enlightenment of people in this enviable state of darkness—enviable because they have such pleasures in store—I must give some details of Borrow's life, and explain, if I can, why it deserves to be written and his books to be read and remembered.

George Borrow was born at East Dereham in 1803. He was the son of a recruiting-officer, and when quite a child was taken by his parents all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, never settling down for any length of time in one place. He was sent to school at Norwich to complete a very desultory education, and finally was articled to a solicitor of that town in 1819. But the boy's real talent was for languages, not for law; he learnt "any language in six weeks," as his boast was. So, early in life he began to dabble in translation, turning off English versions of Danish and Welsh poems, which did not prove very saleable. At last, after the traditional way of clever youth, he went up to London, and lived there "from hand to mouth," doing hack work for a publisher, till he started suddenly off on those travels through England which are described in "Lavengro," the most delightful of all his books. Having starved and struggled long enough in towns, he resolved that he would starve in the wide, green country now, and not struggle after a livelihood or fame any longer. So, through the dear English lanes he travelled, picking up an existence somehow, and falling in (by his own account) with extraordinary adventures. "La-

vengro" tells us all these stories, and as we read it we are lifted into an atmosphere of sudden romance. The lanes are peopled, not with the work-a-day men and women of our world, but by a race of beings unlike any we have ever met. We find them speculating on curious themes in strange language, and it would appear that every wayfarer Borrow met had some odd contribution to make either to his knowledge or to his philosophy. Borrow is always asking questions; it is his method of character-sketching; and by the time he has cross-examined his witness, there he stands before the reader more distinctly drawn by his own replies than if Borrow had spent a page of description upon him.

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petolengro?" said I, as I sat down beside the gypsy.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh which I have heard my grandam sing: 'When a man dies he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him . . . and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth and there is an end of the matter.'"

"And do you think that is the end of a man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die."

"You talk like a Gorgio, which is the same as talking like a fool—wish to die, indeed! A Romany chal would wish to live forever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I only feel that, I would gladly live forever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

You may search literature through for the like of this matchless dialogue, which in half a page sums up the character of both speakers—the anxious, foreboding, melancholy questioner; the merry answerer with his pagan creed and *joie de vivre*. Borrow is always sketching this Petolengro for us, always by the same method of question and answer that is so quaintly effective:

" . . . We are not miserable, brother," says Petolengro.

"Well, then, you ought to be, Jasper; have you an inch of ground of your own? Are you of the least use? Are you not spoken ill of by everybody? What's a gypsy?"

"What's the bird noising yonder, brother?"

"The bird? Oh, that's the cuckoo tolling; but what has the cuckoo to do with the matter?"

"We'll see, brother; what's the cuckoo?"

"What is it? You know as much about it as myself, Jasper."

"Isn't it a kind of rogulish, chaffing bird, brother?"

"I believe it is, Jasper."

"Nobody knows whence it comes, brother?"

"I believe not, Jasper."

"Very poor, brother, not a nest of its own?"

"So they say, Jasper."

"With every person's bad word, brother?"

"Yes, Jasper, every person is mocking it."

"Tolerably merry, brother?"

"Yes, tolerably merry, Jasper."

"No use at all, brother?"

"None whatever, Jasper."

"You would be glad to get rid of the cuckoos, brother?"

"Why, not exactly, Jasper; the cuckoo is a pleasant, funny bird, and its presence and voice give a great charm to the green trees and fields. No, I can't say I wish exactly to get rid of the cuckoo."

"Well, brother, what's a Romany chal?"

"You must answer that question yourself, Jasper."

"A roguish, chaffing fellow, ain't he, brother?"

"Ay, ay, Jasper."

"No use at all, brother?"

"I see what you're after, Jasper." . .

So the pages run in their audacious newness of method that is Borrow's own invention, and his alone; it is happily impossible to copy, for how tired we should get of indifferently done Borrow! He does not confine himself, however, to two or three principal characters in his books; there are hundreds of tiny character-sketches dropped in, as it were, in spite of himself:

"I met, the other day, an old man who asked me to drink. 'I am not thirsty,' said I, 'and will not drink with you,'

"'Yes, you will,' said the old man, 'for I am this day one hundred years old; and you will never again have an opportunity of drinking the health of a man on his hundredth birthday.'

"So I broke my word and drank.

"'Yours is a wonderful age,' said I.

"'It is a long time to look back upon, it is true,' said the old man; 'yet upon the whole I am not sorry to have lived it all.'

"'How have you passed your time?' said I.

"'As well as I could,' said the old man; 'always enjoying a good thing when it came honestly within my reach

—not forgetting to thank God for putting it there.'

"I suppose you were fond of a glass of good ale when you were young?"

"'Yes,' said the old man, 'I was; and so, thank God, I am still,' and he drank off a glass of ale."

This is the sort of thing the books are full of, though *Petolengro*, *Isopel Berners*, *Mrs. Herne*, and the *Flaming Tinman* are the principal characters that are woven into a sort of plot through "*Lavengro*" and "*Romany Rye*." *Isopel* is the heroine, so to speak, of these books (which are not novels, though they have a hero and heroine), Borrow being always his own hero. *Isopel* appears suddenly in "*Lavengro*"—comes driving her donkey cart into the dingle where Borrow had camped, and there she sees him through his fight with the *Flaming Tinman*, and then she pitches her tent beside him, and we are aware that the heroine has come upon the stage at last. But *Isopel* drifts out of the book just as she came into it, and even Dr. Knapp cannot reveal to us why she came and why she went, and whether she and Borrow ever met again. The "*Life*" assures us that every line Borrow wrote was autobiographical, and that all his characters are drawn strictly from life. Well, they may be; but they have a curiously convenient way of expressing Borrow's own peculiar prejudices—as, for instance, his unaccountable hatred against Sir Walter Scott. It is not likely that two different wayfarers ("the man in black" and the Hungarian) should have expressed Borrow's views on this particular subject as they did.

I am inclined to think that Borrow often invented a character just for the purpose of airing some of his pet ideas through the mouthpiece of a new personage, else, as I have said, their views would not have so often agreed. "*Lavengro*" and "*Romany Rye*" were writ-

ten long after the wanderings were over, when Borrow's views on all subjects had been formed, and he expresses them frequently in these books; indeed, it is one of the uses of the "Life" that, after reading it, one is able to pick out which are Borrow's views in his writings and which are the genuine utterances of his characters. Borrow's views are, alas! just what one should skip in "Lavengro" and "Roman Rye:" railings against Popery, railings against Sir Walter Scott, railings against publishers and critics—these are the spots upon his feast of charity.

It was at the end of the wanderings which are described in "Lavengro" that Borrow started on his continental journeyings, and got his appointment at St. Petersburg to translate the Bible into Mandschu-Tartar. This occupied his energies for several years, from 1830 to about 1834-35, when he was engaged by the Bible Society as their agent for distributing Bibles in Spain. It may be extremely uncharitable to say so, but the Bible Society surely engaged a curiously-unsuitable agent for their work! What is termed "the missionary spirit" was not exactly characteristic of George Borrow. "The Bible in Spain" tells all about what he did on those travels for Protestantism; but, good reading as the book is, and ardent as its author appears to be in the cause he has espoused, there is an undeniable ring of falsity through the book. The whole enterprise was manifestly undertaken by Borrow purely in the spirit of adventure and to make a living for himself; while it was demanded of the Bible Society's agent that, in his reports, zeal for the Protestant faith alone should seem to have been his aim when he began the work. So, like everything written to order, "The Bible in Spain" falls in spontaneity. The adventures, indeed, are written with gusto, and there are enough

of them to carry off the woful cant which fills in between scene and scene; and throughout Borrow was pursued by the idea that he was writing for the Bible Society, and was ever artist in direr strait? There is something exquisitely ridiculous in the whole situation—the plight of Borrow, the plight of the Bible Society—it is hard to say which of the two must have been more bewildered. The story goes that "*there always was a large attendance* in the Society's rooms" on the days when Borrow's letters were to be read, and one can believe it. But the story does not relate that, in Spain, Borrow sat puzzling over how to dish up his adventures with the proper seasoning of zeal, and, I dare say, wrote many a line "with his tongue in his cheek," as the vulgar saying goes. Now, this may be doing Borrow an injustice, but it is certainly the impression one gets in reading "The Bible in Spain," and to read between the lines is often the best way of getting the truth out of a book. Nothing, it is true, could outdo Borrow's hatred of Popery, and he rushed at this part of his mission with a perfect fury of zeal; but a hatred of Roman Catholicism is quite a different matter from the love of righteousness, which alone can justify "missions" of any kind whatever; and the distribution of Bibles should surely be undertaken out of a spirit of love, not out of a spirit of hatred! All this, however, did not seem to strike the reading public, and "The Bible in Spain" remains to this day far the most popular of Borrow's books. Perhaps the religiosity of its phrases actually pleased a large section of the public; more probably the truth is that the class of readers who "sell a book" are just those who are incapable of appreciating the best things of literature, and positively prefer the second best in art. "Lavengro" has never reached the same popularity as "The Bible in Spain," and it never

will, just because it is much better literature.

The last years of Borrow's life are sad to read of. Though his money difficulties were at an end after he married, and his books became successful, he seemed to create troubles for himself in a curious way. He was always rushing into controversies with his critics and quarrels with his friends in the most unnecessary manner. A gloom and disquiet hang over these last years; we lay down the "Life" wishing that we had not been told about them, and agreeing with Herrick that the poet's poetry should be his pillar. We prefer to forget now that Borrow ever lived to be a quarrelsome, egotistical old man, vain of very shallow acquirements, which he immensely overestimated as immortal contributions to the science of philology; and try to think of him as the romantic wanderer with a "winning tongue" that charmed men's secrets out of them, with gallant bearing and dauntless courage, and all the

Cornhill Magazine.

manly virtues rolled together. Happily this is the picture that the books conjure up when the "Life" is not at hand for reference, so it will remain as the permanent portrait in the days to come. All poor Borrow's philology (they say) has been superseded by the more exact and scientific methods of this dreadfully-precise generation; some one else has written much more reliable "facts" about gypsies, quite unadorned by imagination and entirely true; his translations from many tongues are unread, and I doubt if all the Bibles he strewed so industriously over the Spanish Peninsula did very much against the faith he hated; but when the chaff of his life's work is winnowed away, a goodly quantity of wheat remains upon the threshing-floor. Three delightful books, at least, remain, which will charm many and many a generation of readers—as solid a contribution to literature this, as most writers can hope to make.

Jane H. Findlater.

AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.

We never thought much of him when we were all fellow-students together at St. Chads' Hospital. "Poor old Parke," he was generally called, and, by those who knew him best, "poor old Tom." He was such a funny, original sort of fellow—a queer mingling of the casual and the hardworking. His figure was familiar to more than one set of St. Chads' students, for he spent an abnormal time in getting through his exams., and as he used to say ruefully—

"I'm such a fool of a fellow, things seem to go in at one of my ears and out at the other. I can't, for the life of me, remember the names of them."

An examination drove every scrap of

knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and he was the despair of his teachers and examiners. Indeed, it was several times more than hinted to him that he might be wiser in adopting some other than the medical profession; but he always shook his head over such a proposition.

"No, no! I can't give it up. It's the finest profession in the world, and I'm going to stick to it."

When I left the hospital, he was still plodding on patiently and hopefully. He came sometimes to my rooms in the days before I left, and poured out his aims and ideals to me. I don't exactly know why he chose me for his con-

fidant, except that I had tried to be friendly now and then to the poor fellow. It seemed hard lines that he should be so universally looked down upon and laughed at.

He had some awfully lofty notions about a doctor's work. I can see him now, as he stood on my hearthrug, talking fast and eagerly about the moral influence a doctor ought to have over his patients, and I couldn't help wondering what sort of influence poor old Tom would have over *his* patients (if he ever got any).

He did not look a very impressive object in those days. He was always rather an untidy sort of chap. His clothes hung upon his loose, shambling figure, a little as if he were a clothes-prop; his hair—it was red—had a way of falling loosely over his forehead, which gave him a habit of tossing back his head to shake a straying lock from his eyes. He had no beauty to recommend him. His eyes were green, and they were not handsome, though their prevailing expression was one of good temper and kindness. His smile was wide and kindly, but somehow his whole countenance bordered closely on the grotesque, and the more he talked of ideals and lofty aspirations, the more acutely did he tickle one's inward sense of humor.

Tom's talk and his personality did not fit well!

I left him behind me at St. Chads', as I say, when my hospital days were over. I carried away with me a vivid recollection of the grip of his big red hand, as he said—

"Good-bye, Marlow. I say, I wish you weren't going, you know. You've—you've been jolly good to me." There was a queer look of wistfulness in his eyes. It reminded me of the look in the eyes of my Irish terrier when I left him behind me.

"Poor old Tom," I said to myself; "I'll come back and look him up now

and then. He's such a lonely sort of chap."

I'm sorry now that I didn't stick to my resolution, but other interests soon filled my life, and I forgot to look Tom Parkes up, or even to ask him to come and see me. Then I left town, and shortly afterwards England, and for eight years or so I did not set foot in London.

Shortly after my return I went down to St. Chads', and, as I strolled round the old hospital, feeling a terrible Rip van Winkle among all the "new men, new faces, other minds," I all at once bethought me of old Parkes. A stab of remorse smote me. What a beast I had been, never to think of the poor chap in all these years. Was he, perhaps, still at St. Chads', tolling at exams, which he never passed? Later on I called upon the Dean of the medical school, and asked him if he could give me any news of Parkes.

"Poor old Parkes," Dr. Thursby said, smiling. "Oh, yes; I can tell you where he is. He has a sort of surgery in Paradise Street, in the Borough. He is not making his fortune I gather."

He gave me the address of a street about half an hour's walk from St. Chads', and thither I repaired on the following evening, with a laudable determination to find Tom Parkes and cheer him up a bit.

"For it must be precious dull living in these God-forsaken slums," I thought, as I walked down a forlorn little street, the facsimile of others of its type, which all present an appearance of having been forgotten when the dustman went his rounds. Bits of things of all kinds littered not only the gutters, but even the roadway and pavement. The dwellers in Paradise Street evidently used the road as their dustbin, paper basket, and general rubbish heap. It was unsavory as well as unsightly. It belied its name. It bore no resemblance to any paradise.

Each house exactly resembled its neighbors in grayness and dreariness, but over one door was a red lamp, and upon the same door a small brass plate, bearing the words, "Tom Parkes, surgeon."

Poor old Tom! There flashed before my mind his wistful ideals of a possible house in Harley Street in some dim future. This depressing street in the Borough must have choked his ideals considerably. As I knocked at the door I noticed how the paint was peeling off it, how dilapidated was the bell-pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the dwellers in Paradise Street.

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much the same Tom as I had last seen eight years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and whiter. He flushed when he caught sight of me, and his eyes grew bright.

"Why, Marlow," he exclaimed, grasping my hand; "I say, I am jolly glad to see you. It's awfully good of you to come down here, and—and—" I saw his eyes running over my clothes, which were perfectly ordinary; but—well, the poor chap was so wofully shabby himself, it made my heart ache.

"I say," he went on, hesitatingly, still holding the door wide open, "I've got poor sort of diggings. Do you mind coming in? My landlady is out to-day, and we're in a bit of a muddle."

"Mind? My dear chap, of course not. I want to have a chat, if you can spare time?"

"I'm free just this minute," he said; "but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be sent for, too. I'm rather busy just now, that's the truth. There's such a lot of influenza and typhoid about."

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?" I asked, as I followed him down a grimy passage into a small dingy room.

He smiled, but the look in his eyes gave me a queer lump in my throat.

"Not much," he said; "you see, you can't—well, you can't take fees much from people who—well, who are starving themselves."

I glanced sharply at him. In the better light I could see that his own face was terribly thin, and his eyes had a curious sunken look. Good heavens! how thin the man was altogether. His chest seemed to have sunk in, and he had acquired a stoop which I could not associate with the red-faced, hearty student of eight years before.

The room into which he ushered me was bare of everything but the merest necessities, and those of the cheapest and commonest kind.

"This is my consulting-room," he said, with a little smile; "the patients wait next door," and he pointed through half-open folding doors into a second and even barer room, that was furnished only with a few chairs.

He pushed me into the only armchair his room possessed—an uncompromising and ancient horsehair chair, stuffed, judging by the sensation it produced, with stones!

He seemed pleased to see me, but he talked very little; it was hard to think that he could be the same being who had stood beside my fireplace in the old days, talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans. I had not been with him more than a quarter of an hour when a knock came at the outer door. Tom answered it in person, and returned, accompanied by an old woman.

"That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

The old lady, having signified that she had no objection to my presence, proceeded to give a lengthy and graphic account of her various ailments.

Parkes listened to it all with a patient interest which I could not but ad-

mire. Something in his tone, as he spoke to the old woman, struck me particularly—an indescribable ring of sympathy, of gentleness, which I cannot put into words. Having taken up a good half hour and more of his time, the old lady rose to depart, drawing her miserable shawl round her.

"Oh, doctor dear," she whispered, as he told her to send up in the morning for some fresh medicine, "and I ain't got nothin' to give yer, for yer kindness. Will yer let it go till next time? Jem 'e've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was to get it—"

A faint smile showed in Tom's eyes.

"All right, Grannie," he said, gently; "times are hard just now, aren't they?"

"So they be, doctor, so they be. What with the cold, and the strikes, and the influenzy, there ain't much doin' for pore folks."

He opened the door for her as if she had been a duchess, and, before admitting the next patient (several had arrived in the waiting-room by this time), he said to me wistfully, almost apologetically—

"They're awfully poor just now. One can't make them pay. I know philanthropic people call it pauperizing, and all that, but—" He broke off lamely.

"Why don't you send them up as out-patients to St. Chads'?" I asked.

"It's a long way from here, isn't it? a good half hour's walk; and then it means a lot of waiting about, and losing work, perhaps. It doesn't seem fair to send them so far, and we've no hospital nearer here."

He said no more, and I stayed on, fascinated, in spite of myself.

The same thing happened over and over again that evening. Half-starved-looking men and women shamefacedly asked to be let off any payment, and the same answer met them all in a cheery voice, which somehow did not seem at all to go with Tom's thin, bent form.

"Oh, that'll be all right. We'll settle up when times are better, won't we?"

When the last patient had gone he turned to me, his face flushing.

"I say, Marlow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you supper; but the truth is my landlady is out, and—and so I sha'n't have my supper at home." He tried to speak jocosely, but my own impression was that he did not expect to have any supper anywhere.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

I could hardly bear to see the look that came into his eyes. It reminded me of a starved dog I had once fed.

"Thanks awfully," he answered; "but my old working clothes aren't decent to go out in, and—and—"

Oh, I could guess well enough where his other clothes were! But, of course, I only laughed, and replied—

"Nonsense, old fellow, never mind the working clothes; I'm certainly too hungry to wait whilst you make yourself smart. Let's go to a quiet restaurant. I shall be offended if you don't come."

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—influenza and so on, and I'd be glad of a snack of something first." He tried to speak carelessly, but it was a failure.

I felt ashamed, downright ashamed of myself, for being well nourished and well clad as I sat opposite poor old Parkes in that restaurant. It made me choky over and over again, I can tell you, to see the man put away that meal.

Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me lend him a little spare cash. I put it as nicely as I could, saying I knew that doctoring in a poor neighborhood was very uphill work. But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you," he said;

"but I haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt."

And I could not move his resolution.

"You'll look me up again some day?" he asked.

"Rather; as soon as possible."

But a summons to a distant part of England on important family business kept me out of town for three weeks, and when I went next to the house in Paradise Street, poor old Parkes did not open the door to me.

A frowsy landlady confronted me.

"The Doctor, sir? 'E's awfully bad. 'E've a got up, as I persuaded him not to, with such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients,' and so 'e's a sittin' in 'is room as ought to be in bed. 'E was took on Saturday, as to-day is Wednesday," she ended.

I pushed past her into the consulting-room, and there sat Tom in the arm-chair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A wonderful relief came into his face as he saw me.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "got—a touch of the flue—I think."

He spoke gaspingly, as though speech were painful.

"I'll tackle this patient for you, old man," I said, glancing at an old woman who sat before him. "Look here, let me help you on to the couch."

He could hardly stand, and I almost lifted him on to the horsehair sofa of unprepossessing appearance, and, after getting rid of the old patient, turned all my attention to making Tom comfortable.

"It's nothing much," he gasped. "I've just got—a touch-of—influ—such—a lot—about," he muttered, wearily; "such—bad nights—so many sick—and dying—and dying—"

He rambled on whilst the landlady and I brought his bed into the consulting-room, and I lifted him upon it,

and undressed him. My God! it was pitiful to see his thinness.

"Pore gentleman?" the landlady exclaimed, "'e's bin and starved 'isself, that's what it is; and many's the time I've 'a brought 'im in a bite of somethin' we've bin 'avin, and 'e says always so cheery, 'Now that's kind of you, Mrs. Jones,' and never missed payin' the rent neither, though Lord knows 'ow 'e got it. 'E've 'a put away most everythin'," she whispered, whilst I stood looking down at the flushed face and bright, unseeing eyes, and listening to his rambling, disconnected talk.

We did our best for him, poor fellow. I fetched one of the leading physicians of the day, but he only shook his head significantly.

"Absolutely hopeless," he said, "absolutely hopeless, poor fellow."

"And 'im always 'a slavin'," sobbed Mrs. Jones. "'E was always out day and night in these streets, and in 'is thin coat, and starvin' 'isself; t'ain't no wonder 'e got the pneumony, or whatever they calls it; 'e never thought of 'isself, never once."

I sat by him that same night. Towards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me, and whispered:—

"I've made a poor thing of it, and—I—meant—to—do—big—things."

I don't know what I said, but he went on—

"I say—what's that—about—about—an-unprofitable servant? That's—me—an-unprofitable—servant. I—meant to do—a lot. I've—done—nothing—nothing—an-unprofitable—servant."

I'm not a very religious sort of chap, but somehow when he said those words some others came into my head and I whispered—

"Not unprofitable, old fellow; there's something else in the same Book, isn't there, about a 'good and faithful servant'? That's nearer the mark for you."

A queer smile crept over his face, a curious light stole into his eyes.

"Unprofitable—or faithful? Which?" he murmured.

They were the last words I heard from poor old Parkes' lips.

I was obliged to be out of town again for the three days after his death, but made all arrangements that the funeral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself, for I couldn't bear to think of the poor old chap going lonely to his last long home.

There was a gleam of wintry sun upon London as I walked quickly through the Boro' on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of white flowers in my hand. I didn't like to think that no one would put a flower on his coffin, and I knew he had no relations.

As I entered the thoroughfare out of which Paradise Street opens, I was surprised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people. The traffic was at a standstill; the few policemen visible were absolutely powerless to do anything with the mass of human beings that stretched as far down the street as I could see, and blocked every corner. In fact, the police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, which was not difficult, for a more silent, well-behaved crowd I never saw. I looked in vain for its cause. My first thought was that there must be a fire, but no signs of such a thing were visible.

I touched a policeman's arm.

"What is it all about?" I asked. "Can I get through?"

"Don't look much like it, sir; 'tis a funeral."

"A funeral? But I never saw such a crowd even at the funerals of very distinguished people. Who in the world is grand enough in these parts to have a following like this?"

"'Tis a——" he began, then turned

hastily to cry "Pass on there, pass on, please"—a sheer impossibility, by the way, for no one could move an inch.

"What does it all mean?" I said to a man beside me, a rough costermonger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"'Tis the Doctor's funeral," he replied.

"What Doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a Doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known; he won't have crowds to follow him. He lived in Paradise Street, poor chap."

"So did our Doctor," the man answered, and he drew his grimy hand across his eyes; "maybe 'tis the same. 'Tis Dr. Parkes as we've come to see laid in 'is grave. 'E was good to us, and 'tis the last thing we will ever do for 'im."

"Do you mean to tell me that this enormous crowd—" I stammered.

"'Tis the followin' for Dr. Parkes, yes, sir; 'tis a sight you don't see but once in a lifetime, neither. Most of us chaps 'as 'ad to give up a day's work to come; but, bless you, we don't grudge it to he; no, that we don't," and the man gave a little gulp.

This was Tom Parkes' following? And I had thought that I should be his only follower. I was but one among hundreds!

When they knew I was the dead man's friend, they at once somehow made a way through the crowd, which grew denser and denser as I walked down Paradise Street—a strange, reverent, silent crowd.

Just as I reached the door they were carrying the coffin out; it was one mass of flowers, and I, poor fool, had thought, pityingly, that my insignificant bunch would be the only ones upon it! They told me, afterwards, that men and women had spent their hard-won earnings to buy these wreaths for the Doctor they loved—men and wo-

men who could with difficulty spare their money, who were having a hand-to-hand struggle themselves for existence.

I have never seen such a sight as that funeral, never in my life. All the way to the far-off cemetery those thousands of men and women—aye, and even children, followed their doctor, and it seemed as though the great, silent crowd would never cease filing past his grave afterwards, when all was over.

"'E said as 'ow 'e 'ad failed, sir," his landlady sobbed that evening, when I went round to see after poor old Tom's few little things; "'e said 'is life was all a mistake, but lor', it don't look much like a mistake, sir. Why the good 'e 've 'a done, and the influence 'e 've 'ad in these courts, no one wouldn't

Temple Bar.

believe as hadn't seen 'is funeral. 'Twas a wonderful buryin', sir."

Truly a wonderful burying!

I wrote to a lot of his fellow-students to try and raise enough money to put a stone over the poor old fellow. But we were forestalled in this by the people amongst whom he had worked—for whom he had died. They collected the money—those folk in the back streets of the Boro'—in farthings, and half-pence, and pence, and they put a white cross over the grave, and upon the cross they engraved his name and these words:

"The beloved Physician."

"'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

L. G. Moberly.

THE END OF THE DREAM.

Non sum qualis eram bonæ sub regno Cinaræ.

—Hor. Carm. IV., l. 4.

I paced of late the Paphian isle,
I saw fair Venus with her doves,
Encircled by her wanton loves;
She made me captive with her smile

Methought I saw the world in truth
Bathed in the colors of the dawn,
And through the mists of age forlorn
There rose the glory of my youth.

Alas! the morning light breaks cold,
The skies are swept with driving rain:
From golden dreams of boyhood vain
I wake—to find that I am old!

The Speaker.

W. L. Courtney.

CITIES OF THE FAR EAST.*

(Conclusion.)

II.

MACAO AND CANTON.

Macao, November 10th.

Imagine two hills running out into the sea so as to form a charming bay, and between them an ancient, half-Spanish, wholly southern city; its roofs tufted with verdure, rising one above another upon terraced slopes; its houses, with their once gay tints all faded, basking in a kind of peaceful decrepitude, in a sunshine like that of June. The town is fast asleep; the harbor is filling up; the walls are crumbling; the iron gratings rusting, the pavements turning green; the gables nodding like old gray heads, tired of hearing the same story told too often. One night the Chinese seized the place. The formidable yellow folk swarmed in,—travelling in long lines like an immigration of ants—and on the morrow Macao woke up, a Chinese city. Fancy any town you please—Narbonne or Nice, Carcassonne or Tarascon—abruptly invaded and occupied by the sons of the Celestial Empire, and you will have a parallel to what happened at Macao.

I say abruptly, for it seems all to have taken place in one night. The victors demolished nothing for the mere purpose of reconstructing. They did not re-name the streets nor turn the public squares upside down. The inhabitants were asleep. The new-comers merely carried them out of doors and lay down in their warm beds. It would be impossible to conceive a more pacific conquest. I don't know that they had any real claim to the territory, but their manner of acquiring it has something dreamlike and strange. Ever

since the year 1557 the good Portuguese had been erecting churches, convents, forts, and barracks, opening streets and building them lordly mansions; and now—though they cannot quite understand it themselves—the Chinaman sits at the windows in their palaces, and watches the last of their survivors passing by.

But, though the invaders are innumerable, the invaded still count. Macao, a Portuguese dependency, rejoices in the possession of a dozen native Portuguese, including the governor. The six hundred soldiers of the garrison come from Mozambique and Goa. The fifteen hundred citizens, half of whom are lawyers, make up the oddest community of half-breeds in all the world. The negro, the Chinaman, and the Brazilian contend in them for the mastery, but the composite Macaist loves not contention, and contrives to reconcile Brazilian brag with Chinese fatalism and negro laziness. His face betrays all these varied influences. It is heavy, and the complexion something between black and yellow. You may meet him in the streets any morning; gotten up regardless of expense, beaming and perfumed, with dazzling cravat and varnished boots. He carries all his fortune on his back, and all his occidental wardrobe; but he goes back to a bare dwelling, and swallows his rice in the Chinese fashion—with the bowl close to his mouth—and plying his chopsticks greedily. He will sell, to keep himself from starvation, his old family jewels, his furniture, his house.

The Chinese have set up the altars of their ancestors where his forefathers lighted candles to the Virgin, patroness of the town, and of adventurous voyagers. But the city has a senate—the

* Translated for *The Living Age*.
LIVING AGE. VOL. V. 287

Leal Senado—whose members are elected chiefly by the grossest of the Chinese; it has an archbishop and a governor, who alternately squabble and embrace, and three newspapers to denounce abuses and vindicate the moral sense of the public—such as it is. It has courts of justice also—where the most insignificant case enables a whole family of Macaists to live on the savings of several generations of Chinamen. And if it no longer trades in coolies, and does not openly sell human flesh, in the cellars of its *Barracouns* the habit of play, and the stall-lottery, suffice to feed its indolence with inexhaustible hope.

In a country given over to immigrants, the strange spectacle is often to be seen of living survivors of the autochthonous race—the last corpse-lights of native life that gleam athwart the pestiferous swamps. They preserve their old customs and wear, in their very agony, the color of the past. Such are the Veddhas at Ceylon, the Negritos in the Philippines, the Ainos in Japan. The Macaists are like these dying races. Their type, which has greatly diverged from ours, without blending with that of the Chinese; their manners, which are neither absolutely European nor entirely Asiatic; their vague, mediæval superstitions; their degeneracy and their absurdity make of these “children of the country” poor, obscure beings, like the personages in some flagrant burlesque, in which an author, nervous about the “yellow danger,” has undertaken to exhibit a caricature of ourselves when we shall figure as the vanquished Occident of the thirtieth century.

In the centre of the town, on the quay before the *Leal Senado*, the Chinamen sit fanning themselves, in the worm-eaten balconies of old Lusitanian hotels. Grotesque little women lean out of the first-floor windows, and fol-

low with their eyes some pedler with a long pig-tail and a German pack. The houses all sparkle with ornament, and swarm with yellow faces and sky-blue robes; nor is it faces alone that are framed in the windows; for the Chinaman has no horror of a vacuum, and often exhibits himself with scant decency to the gaze of the passer-by. Ancient streets and alleys blessed with beautiful names—the Passage of Pity—the Lane of the Good Jesus—pavements worn by the tread of haughty pirates—the ruins of a fabulous city where caravans unloaded freights of gold, and St. François-Xavier girded himself for the invasion of Japan—it is all like the stony bed of some dried torrent suddenly invaded by an overwhelming flood of parti-colored harlequins and wearers of black rags. The city prolongs itself into abject villages, mere excrescences of misery. The frightful paupers of China, terrible as an army of black rats, cling to the rising, as to the declining, civilization; to the cradle of cities as to their tomb.

I climbed the stone steps of the ruins of San Paulo. Only the façade of the cathedral still stands—dominating the town, the sea, the islands, and the infinite solitude. Time has not yet effaced the words *Mater Dei* above the great portal, or the sculptured image of the Madonna with the globe under her feet. Infinitely sad for the European wanderer are the bell-turrets, the eight columns with their carved capitals, the empty niches gaping like the window-spaces in a half-burned building, and all open to the glaring day. Has he come so far, merely to behold the desecrated image of Occidental grandeur? China has camped at the foot of the sacred eminence, and is clambering up its heaps of ruin, tricked out in hideous finery. Her brats are swarming all over the place, her pigs root in the yellow earth which has accumulated above the fragments of the

past. I had to kick away the intruders before I could read upon the corner-stone the date 1602.

But in the remoter quarters of what still remains to the Macaists of their Macao, a kind of provincial life goes on with all the monotonous regularity of former days. The image rises before you of a town composed of pious bourgeois and small proprietors, church-wardens and lay-sisters. There are deserted streets where the shelters are all closed, old walls coated with moss, convents with cracked bells, stone crosses embowered in verdure, niches for saints at the corners of the houses, the occasional grating of a key in a rusty lock, beautiful vegetation with all the freshness of early spring—the eternal sabbath of a sunny Lent. Old maids, with black mantillas and rosaries in their hands, glide along the side streets, grazing the walls, and disappear within low, creaking doors. Drug-gists at their shop entrances, with thumbs in their waistcoat pockets, delay their customers by the recitation of lengthy yarns. It is a gossiping folk, and inquisitive. A priest came up to me and asked me who I was, and where I came from; also, whether I did not want to buy a country-house near Macao; and then went on to laud the clergy of the town, and their extraordinary influence.

One day, upon the quay, as I stood looking at a big three-story mansion, an old fellow came up to me, and after preliminary inquiries about my nationality and profession, informed me that the house I was examining belonged to a Chinaman—an old pirate, but a millionaire—who had three wives, one on each story. And if the exploits of the Chinaman had reflected the utmost glory upon his nation, my friend could not have rehearsed them with a more complacent air. These people love the *rococo*, and all manner of emphatic inscriptions. The façades of their

churches and other monuments are painted pink or green, with white ornaments in relief, which make them look like productions of the pastry-cook. The lyre on the front of the theatre looks like the improvised table-ornament of some feast in the open air. As you enter the Senate-House you read in large letters—"A city dedicated to God, and unsurpassed for devotion to His service;" and if you walk along the coast and make the turn of the hill by a road rather like the *Cornice* at Marseilles, you find an old town-gate, the *Porto Cerco*, spanning the narrow strip which divides the peninsula from the Chinese continent and surmounted by a triumphal arch, whereon you read with some difficulty the pompous inscription: "The eyes of the country are upon you, and she does you honor." Poor country! At the present moment she is erecting a statue to a former pirate, who purchased a count's title after he retired from business.

I climbed to the very top of the town, and took refuge in an enchanting garden full of rock-work and singing-birds, not far from the grotto where Camocus is said to have rested from his imprecations and consoled himself in exile, by invoking Jupiter and Venus. II's little bust in bronze beholds the bay, the estuary of Pearl River, and the vast plain of waters with whose possible tempests he was but too well acquainted. They are calm enough to-day, bearing only a few miserable little boats with pointed prows, and junks laden with opium. Those nearest the shore are deep purple, which fades, by degrees as they depart, into the palest violet. The forts flash in the sunshine; the white towers and pasteboard ramparts appear to be spangled with silver; and Macao, decrepit, but rouged and garlanded with green, reclines upon her hillside with the superannuated coquetry of some old western belle. In the evening she becomes quite seduc-

tive once more, and memories of her triumphant youth awake to the sounds of her gambling-hells. Words would have to be invented to express the all-devouring passion of the Chinese for play. I have somewhere seen a theory that the soothing effects of opium might cure the Europeans of their terror of the "yellow" bogey. But the intoxication of the green table is more paralyzing than that of the narcotic. If China ever does invade the west, we will all turn croupiers, and live gaily at the expense of our intruders. We shall thus get both our wages as servants, and the gratuities that our masters bestow; and we shall not even have their deaths upon our conscience. For neither the nobles, the burghers, nor the populace of China are given to suicide when they lose at play. Ruined to-day, they manage to get wherewithal to ruin themselves again tomorrow. Fantau, the Monte Carlo of the Far East, has no corpses hanging to the boughs of its trees.

Come with me into a miserable house in the Rua des Jogos. The *jinrikishas* are drawn up in the courtyard in serried lines. You mount a wooden staircase, which is never swept, and enter a hall illumined by red lanterns and argand lamps, no bigger than an ordinary inn-parlor. In lieu of the green baize, there is a greasy cloth spread over a table, on which the Chinese croupiers sit enthroned before a square marked at the corners with the numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4. The banker reclines behind a grating, smoking a long pipe and occasionally spitting. Overhead, a dim gallery, reached by a ladder, runs all round the room, and forms a species of ceiling, pierced only by a hole the size of the table. A basket filled with the stakes is alternately let down and drawn up, accompanied by the sound of drawling minstrelsy. The game is amazingly simple. The croupier takes a handful of small coin and

covers it with a reversed bowl, while money is laid on one of the four first numbers. When the betting has ceased he lifts the bowl, and separates the bits of money with his wand, which he uses as a stork does his beak. Then he counts them by fours, and the remainder, or the last four if there be no remainder, represents the winning number. The night I was there, there was a perfect rush of players, lured by the example of a coolie from Canton, who had won twenty-two thousand piastres the evening but one before.

Well-to-do Chinese merchants plant themselves squarely before the table, depositing thereon their wallets and their cups of tea. Lean wretches, with queues no bigger than a rat's tail, and faces dryer than a dead leaf, creep in, stake their one piastre, lose it and disappear. Not even the hardest blows of fate can mar the equanimity of their moon-faces. Only during that eternity of anguish, while the croupier is counting the fatal cash, their eyes gleam, and the folds about their silent lips form themselves into the number with which they are conjuring, or which they desire to see. The Macalists gamble, too, but with the nervous excitement of Europeans. They are agitated, they tremble, they invoke the saints and the devil; they are in the croupier's hands and under his bowl. I saw one such—a mere youth—with his glossy hair pearly with drops of perspiration, and dark circles under his eyes, which were like those of a wild beast on the rampage. He held under the table, and fumbled feverishly, a packet of bank-notes, and every time he made a bet he muttered a prayer and half made the sign of the cross. When, at last, he was dead broke, he withdrew his hands from their hiding-place and spread them out before him, shaking and powerless; and there he sat, surrounded by impassive Chinamen, in

that vile den, whose keeper, accredited by the *Leal Senado*, had once been a free-booter; and to such good purpose that he would have the police down on him at once if he were to return to Canton.

Canton, November 13th, 1897.

I have been living, for three days, on a peaceful isle in the midst of a tumultuous river, only a few steps from the most frightful sewer which ever carried off the waste of human misery. The island, which is connected by two bridges with the Chinese city, is adorned with lawns and gardens, and umbrageous with lofty trees. Broad avenues run the whole length of it, bordered by hotels and villas, whose columned verandas and imposing doorways make the place like the retired and wealthy quarter of some western city. It is, in fact, a sort of suburban retreat of the big tradesmen and manufacturers. The English Concession, where, however, there are more German than English residents, comprises the finest part of it. Ours is inhabited mostly by a small colony of silk and commission merchants from Lyons—amiable, hospitable folk, who have succeeded in reconciling British respectability and the livelier humor of France. This island of Shanin, isolated in the midst of a Chinese world, produces upon one alternately the effect of an oasis and a prison. The European lives in his office and his club, or under his verandah. I have encountered only a small number of Orientals here—either men hastening to some business appointment or boys leading their master's dogs; some old servant pushing a baby-carriage, or silent Parsee sitting on a wooden bench in the cool of the evening, with the smouldering fire of his Hebraic eyes turned upon the Chinese city. Now and then, behind the grating of a garden-gate, framed in an open window, appears the head of

some pale, fair-haired European woman, her blood impoverished by the climate and all the weariness of exile on her drooping lids. One seems to see stretching behind her and vanishing in the night of ages, the furrow in the wake of a ship setting sail from the lands of the sun.

And round about this drowsy isle, two hundred thousand yellow beings vegetate, struggle, shout, sing, sleep, drudge, die, and are born again, as they have done for ages—at the prow, or at the stern, under the benches or in the hold of big-bellied junks and unshapely sampans. All these filthy, dingy craft, the color of rotten thatch, with their ragged curtains, their sails and flags and lanterns make of the river and its tributaries a sort of moving dockyard, where the refuse of a whole city is accommodated. They are drawn up in line of battle, or form themselves into pontoons. Their amphibious population has customs, a language, a police of its own. Every family has a raft, and in and out among the motionless junks glide fruit-boats, barbers' boats, boats bearing a shrine and an image, pleasure-boats, funeral boats. Whence comes this landless population which the town has flung out into the stream? Of what pariahs—of what long-since vanquished and degraded race is this form of human fermentation composed? I do not think the sun ever shone on a more promiscuous and repulsive mass of living things, nor that civilized man ever sank elsewhere into such depths of prolific animality. The children, whose rags flutter all over these hulks of dead wood, are as numerous as the planks that compose them. Their mothers, rough and weather-dried, standing, boat-hook in hand, bare-footed and with legs wide apart, can hardly be distinguished from the men. Their leathern cheeks and arms, their sullen looks, hoarse cries, and attitudes like those of a

boxer on the defensive, make one think of what the barbaric females must have been who accompanied the invading hordes of the first centuries of our era. When we visit foreign lands the novel sights we see are often but a resurrection of our own past. Ancient annals revive along our path; for the human form does not change, nor the human soul. From end to end of this world our race experiences the same emotions, obeys the same impulses. But its march is a straggling one, and its caravans, issuing from the same shades, perform different stages, and encamp at different hours of the everlasting day. European explorer, it is yourself you will find wherever chance may take you; it is your own story which you will find written on the most savage faces. Our ancestors must have seen, perishing along the route they travelled, just such brute masses as survive in these aquatic barbarians. Every morning when I wake I seem to hear the voices of a Hunnish camp, and it is a Scythian sorceress who shoves off, with hook and pole, the boat on which I embark.

At night this immense bivouac reddens with the light of countless fires, which are reflected in the darkly-rippling water. In the prows of the junks fires of dry wood are lighted for the cooking of rice. Shadowy bodies, upborne upon inflamed legs, move round the braziers. The murmur of human voices is now and then varied by the hiss of a burning brand, which emits a shower of red sparks when flung into the water. Then the flames are extinguished, and, by the light of lanterns that sway with the tide, rings of gaping mouths swallow the potfuls of rice as precipitately as though the signal for murder and pillage were awaited by the marauding troop on the disappearance of the last mouthful. Yet all is quiet. The city beneath the massive feudal towers of its *Monts de Piété*, is sl-

lently spreading out its thousand tentacles over the unwholesome plain like a sleeping devil-fish; and the river will, ere long, echo to the music of the tom-tom only—or the strains of an occasional love-song.

You cross a bridge guarded by a Chinese policeman, and enter the town; or rather you are swallowed up in it. I have crossed it from north to south, and from east to west, at the rapid pace of my bearers; I have issued from it, and I have gone back to it; I have visited its temples, pagodas, palaces, courts of justice, prisons, public parks and gardens, and celebrated shops; and each time it has inspired in me the same disgust; each time I have come away with eyes fatigued, as by a dazzling phantasmagoria. It is a hell of splendor, squalor, filth and gold. It stinks of the Middle Ages. Do you know the old streets of Nice or Genoa? They are wide compared to these, where two palanquins cannot pass abreast, but one must slink down a side alley or under a shop awning. Their greasy pavements are sheltered in places by matting stretched across the way from roof to roof, and the odor underneath these screens is insupportable. They are all tangled together—these vile streets; abrupt turns reveal endless vistas. Could you hover in the air above them, the motley throng below would look like a frightful nest of reptiles squirming in the sun, through the mud, and over the stones. Some of these streets seem as deserted as old convent corridors, or the machicolations of abandoned fortresses. The houses that border them, which you can touch on either side with your outstretched hands, oppress you with the menace of their smouldering decay. You can breathe no better in that city than in the galleries of a mine or the branches of a sewer. But our grim Middle Age knew nothing of the profusion of gilding which transforms

these channels of filth into sumptuous corridors, and affords glimpses, behind sordid fronts, of the depths of fairy caverns. They never discovered the infinitely decorative effect in the flutening ensigns and haughty standards which hang from the roofs, and wave their golden inscriptions over heaps of festering decay. Nor did those dark ages of ours ever go mad about lanterns—huge, parti-colored lanterns—taking every shape which lanterns can take in this sublunary world.

This is the terrestrial Kingdom of the Moon. She beams in the faces of the people, and sways above their doorways. The folk who squirm along the ways in an unending stream of iridescent stuffs seem all to have been struck by the malign rays of the planet that makes men mad, and act as though given over to the mysterious excitement of her influence. Her light bathes the strange human masks and twinkles in the small, black eyes. The souls that own her sway must needs be crafty, barbaric, melancholy and grotesque, as befits the denizens of a globe which displays, by turns, a sanguinary disc and the grinning features of a clown. Canton is pre-eminently the Moon-City. There are thousands of cross-ways, where her rites are celebrated and the people thrill at her rising, even as the ocean shivers. The poets of Canton have sung the moon's praises for two thousand years, and the Tartar warriors here would be cut in pieces rather than not drain a cup in her honor. There are fragrant altars and lairs of unholy incantation, and here in the midst of these grinning and ignoble streets (which in the old world of the west would have received such names as Pig-Lane or Cut-Throat-Alley, but which here are baptized as The Flying Dragon or Eternal Love), the pale Empress of the Night can indulge her perpetual revery under temple porches, hear it across vast courtyards

among heaps of débris, hang it to pagoda bells or let it loose in the dense umbrage of gardens and untrodden thickets. Beneath her magic ray the deserted pavilions, connected by wooden bridges and buried in chrysanthemums and bamboos, the roofs with corners turning up among the willows—the balconies overhanging fountain basins, the libraries and verandas of lacquer and porcelain—remind one of the Palace of Literature. It was Hecate, or the Phœbe of the Ancients, whom I dare not attempt to call by her Chinese name, whom I invoked as I trod the tiled floors of the sacred precincts or the grassy sward of holy groves, amid crumbling *yamens* and pagodas nine stories high. The moon alone can restore to these waste places their old beauty and prestige. The moon alone can cleanse the Chinese city of its unspeakable filth and clothe it with renewed grace. It needs the vagueness and uncertainty of a light that is akin to shadow. I seemed to see the sorceress of the "Thousand-and-one-Nights" smiling over the pale lotus-flowers in the garden of the Learned Ones.

But the sun is pitiless. He emphasizes all the hideousness of Canton. He lays bare the city's festering sores and inflames them. Each one of the business streets is usually given up to some particular trade. You make your way through sticky, stuffy passages, where the moving crowd pushes along between the hedges of raw meat and bleeding fish. Every kind of impurity is thrust before you. Scavengers go about in broad daylight, with their pails balanced on a pole. Pigs root under the awnings and about the temple steps. They are very fat and consequential. The activity of the populace makes one dizzy; not, it may be, because it is remarkable in itself, but because it is confined within such narrow channels. There is no perspective whatever. Myriads of living beings

hurry their steps, and commingle their breaths all along these fetid corridors. The enormous town is one manifold cul-de-sac. How do these people live? They elbow lepers and touch ulcers at every step. They breathe fever and drink cholera—and still they live and labor.

Jade-carvers pick at their stone on the street corners, workers in mosaic, lantern-makers, potters, tinmen, cabinet-makers, painters on porcelain, sculptors in ivory, goldsmiths—all these work under the eyes of the idle observer, while the sticks of incense that smoke before the altars of the household god mingle the thought of the dead with the labor of the living. And that labor is curiously patient and delicate. The Chinaman has the fingers of a woman and the fancies of a gnome. He has the conscience of a true artist about the manufacture of childish ornaments and grotesque bibelots. But he lets his really great monuments crumble into dust, and heaps of refuse accumulate on the steps of his temples. Why, indeed, should the gods be cleaner than men? One clammers into the pagodas by foot-ladders like those in a grist-mill, to flud bearded Buddhas, tricked out in tinsel and gnawed by vermin, enthroned in dusty cock-lofts. The spacious temples, with their long vistas of courts, that serve as a camping-ground for beggars—their tarnished sanctuaries, where marvels of detail are discernible under a coating of dirt—all illustrate the incorrigible negligence of the Celestials; and they have such a passion for filth that they envelop their idols in it. They like them coated with dust, as we like bottles of old wine. Their gods inspire no true fear. They are scare-crows horribly colored, bogies, bullies, gnomes, sages with ridiculously big heads, hooped satyrs, horned devils, philosophers who gaze complacently at the unreasonable length of

their own beards; and, all the same, they are the best gods to be had in the Chinese world. Even the famous Temple of Horrors—where life-size demons tear the guilty limb from limb, saw them in twain, impale, or plunge them in boiling water—excites no sentiment of religious awe. Bar-keepers, candle-makers, money-changers and charlatans of all kinds are installed in the midst of this museum of crime, and press their wares upon the swarming multitude. Confucius, whose three upper teeth exactly meet his three lower ones; Lao-tseu, the superannuated child, clinging to the back of a buffalo; the god of war, who looks like a sulky baby in disgrace; the five hundred shiny and moustachioed Genii; celestial gods and gods terrestrial—are all decked with the same theatrical finery. And around and above them, as much alive as they, and sharing their divinity, griffins spread their claws, dragons twist their scales, tigers erect their flaming manes, toads swell to bursting, wooden pigs protrude their sacred backs, and magpies lift to heaven the auspicious sign of a parted beak. All these creatures, real and imaginary, frolic along the walls and besiege the sanctuaries of black and gold lacquer.

But sometimes the temple is illuminated, and the priests officiate to the sound of gongs. The oblations of the faithful—fruit, pastry, cakes, roast viands, flower-salads and cups of tea—are heaped upon the marble tables. The rite is performed before the altar with a pomp which is oriental, and almost Catholic. The copes and dalmatics are glorious, and hoarse voices intone a Hindoo hymn. Women, clad in brilliant silk with ornaments of jade and gold, powdered faces, and eyes of infinite softness, come tottering in upon their little feet, approach a priest and buy some perfumed candles and a few prayers. Sometimes, with their pretty, pale hands, they shake sticks before the

altars for good luck. I have seen in a temple dedicated to Kouanyin, the goddess of pity, a little Chinese maiden of six or seven brought in upon the shoulders of an old woman. The maiming of the child's feet was not yet finished, and so she could not walk at all. She wore a blue gown with gold and silver embroidery. Her hair was dressed in the form of a fan, and studded with pins and flowers. Her oval face, the charmingly undecided features, her eyes, so engaging in their obliquity, made her like a delicate little first sketch of feminine seduction. She looked at the goddess, who held in her arms a child whose feet were not mutilated, and besought her, no doubt, to hasten the end of her own torture. Her eyes rested for an instant upon me, then turned shyly away with the glimmer of a smile in them. I was grateful to her for not insulting me, and did not, for my part, spit on the ground in sign of contempt.

This child's was one of the few faces which really attracted me during my passage through the Chinese pandemonium. But I can still see the murderous eyes of the prisoners who rushed to meet us when I was taken by the overseer of a gang of convicts to visit the penitentiary, where they lay huddled at the bottom of a nauseous court. They started up with a general clanking of chains. They seemed to be affected by the sight of an European exactly as is the wild beast who sees a man outside his bars. They were emaciated with misery and awful to behold. Outside, a teasing crowd was waiting for us to emerge, the same crowd that on days of public execution will fight for the heart of the victim because it gives courage to those who eat it. Evil-eyed prowlers flung their children under our feet that we might stumble over them and so furnish an excuse for them to attack us. Our guide was fain to beat a retreat, and

we were soon lost once more in the daedalian passages. From time to time loud shouts were raised, and the multitude fell back into the interior of the shops, while men, some clad in red and some in blue, preceded and followed the pompous litter of one of those old mandarins, encased in rustling embroidery and with feet clad in silk, whose hard and hypocritical faces remind one so strongly of our own Louis XI. We also caught glimpses, in the depths of the rich shops, of fat merchants, who sat motionless in their arm-chairs of polished wood, pipe in hand, absorbed in calculation, or lost in some erotic dream. For these worthy citizens love also to dream at the cramped feet of their countrywomen.

* * * * *

The insides of the gay restaurants are all the more striking because their façades are often ugly and unclean. Golden arabesques depend from the ceiling, run along the beams, intermingle, and are cut by the lace-work of the partitions. Ottomans, arm-chairs and divans, upholstered in red—massive tables, flashing chandeliers, the sheen of silken robes, orgies of smoking, and an all-pervading perfume of the East—these things conspire to create a wonderful illusion, a singular play, a golden radiance over a background of night.

The sombre Chinese are here in force—old and young, lean faces, oval faces, and round faces; of which some are weak and some strong. The smouldering fire in their black eyes, and the carnation tints upon their amber cheeks, heightened by the purpling lustre of the chandeliers, often impart to their faces a strange beauty. They lie stretched upon *chaises-longues*, slipping daintily from their tea-cups, or helping themselves to little slices of toasted melon, which they bite off crisply. But above all they *smoke*; and through the cloud which continually

envelops them, they follow with half-closed eyes the vaporous movements of the singing-girls.

Female musicians recline at their feet and draw their bows across one-stringed violins; while others strike simultaneously with tiny sticks on a metallic gong, and a resonant wooden surface. Before them, young girls, of whom the eldest is not over sixteen, wearing garments of blue or saffron-color, bordered and fringed with gold, stand upright upon their mutilated feet—as our *dansuses* balance themselves on their toes. The high heel of the slipper almost touches the slender tip. Their little hands peep out of their flowing sleeves like lilies out of a big vase. Their eyebrows have been shaved to make room for prettier painted ones. Their bands of shining hair are plastered to their foreheads, and white flowers are often stuck into the flat braided coils, behind the ear. Their faces are so disguised by rice-powder, black and vermillion, that only the main features are discernible; but the loss of individual expression causes them all more nearly to approximate

to an ideal type. They are like the fancies of some primitive creature, who strives to fix with uncertain pencil some traits of the everlasting human. They are delicious phantoms, withal—perfectly factitious beings—the opium visions of cruel lovers and perverse artists.

Reclined upon their crimson cushions in a deep and dreamy beatitude, the Chinamen behold their chimeras incarnate, and revel in a kind of solitary and long-drawn rapture. The draw-bridges are up behind them. Canton has barred its gates and shut off its alleys. Each one of them has hired a boat for the night, and these little beings who can barely walk, and hardly seem real, born on the water, and knowing nothing of the town, the perpetual prisoners of their own ignorance and frailty, are in their hands like birds caught in a snare. But the Chinese are intellectual sybarites also, and they are in no hurry to strangle their birds. They allow them to hop about for a little, moved by some mysterious impulse to prolong a pleasure as fleeting, at best, as the ripples under their feet.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

André Bellesort.

LOVE AND JOY.

With an anxious care my heart is torn;
For, bringing light where all was gloom before,
Comes radiant Love to grace the waking morn,
And Joy stands, hesitating, at my door.
Ah, happy me! if only Love will stay
To charm my sorrow and my care away.

For tho' 'tis winter, and the wild wrack's drift
Makes darksome days, and all the world is drear,
Wise Love will find in every cloud a rift,
And Joy will smiling kiss away each tear.
Sweet Love, stay on, and dwell within my heart:
For while thou bidest, Joy will ne'er depart.

Pall Mall Magazine.

G. E. Farrow.

BROTHER FELIX.

The Dnieper near Kherson is not a lovely river. The country through which it flows is flat and sedgy, and swarms with mosquitoes. The houses along the banks have all a sordid aspect that must seriously depress anyone unused to the dreary monotony of Russian landscape. The town of Kherson slopes in a gradual ascent up from the Dnieper, and straggles in squalid streets away out on the steppe, the streets deep in blinding acrid dust in summer, and deeper with malodorous mud in winter and spring. If you are in search of sights that interest you, you find none. You feel a faint ripple of astonishment, rather than of interest, when suddenly outside the town you come upon a mean monument erected over the grave of John Howard, philanthropist. The jail is quite close,—a square, squat, forbidding building, where he caught his fatal illness. Not one man in ten thousand knows where Howard is buried, and you feel yourself in possession of valuable special knowledge.

Felix Tushkin, with his wife and four children, occupy a small, whitewashed cottage just outside the town, and within sight of the jail and the Howard monument. There is a small, railed-in garden in front, where a few coarse flowers grow among cabbages and melons, and where Felix has built a rude summer-house, into which the whole family squeezes itself on summer evenings to drink tea. Felix is a Jack of all trades, and hires himself out as a house-decorator and paper-hanger in summer, and as oven-builder in winter. His wife looks after a couple of cows, and she and the two little girls have a standing-place in the open bazar in the centre of the town, where, surrounded by their earthen-

ware jars of milk and cream, and a few water-melons and sunflower-seeds out of the garden, they wait for the custom of the townspeople. Felix is a fairly flourishing man, now. He is thrifty. Marya, besides, is a good manager, and during the last three or four years they have put away a few roubles between the mattresses of the bed.

But it is of an incident in his past career that I wish to speak—indeed, the only incident in it, for it has been a life little disturbed by excitement or adventure. It was nine years ago, and Felix had just married his Marya. Felix, then as now, enjoyed a great reputation in the community as a luminous expounder of passages of Scripture of a more difficult character. If one of the brethren, poring over the dark prophesyings of Ezekiel or Daniel, or the wonderful vision of John, came upon a passage more than usually obscure, he singled out Felix to guide him through the maze. My own intercourse with Felix never gave me the impression that he really possessed the marvellous exegetical powers attributed to him. I have a sort of suspicion that he trusted much to the inspiration of the moment. Marya was a gentle, retiring creature, who led the assembly in their praise. Her voice was famed all the country over, and peasants of the Orthodox Church, who had otherwise no sympathy with Stundism, were attracted to the services when Marya sang. It was quite an event, therefore, when these two joined hands for better or worse. The wedding drew scores of Stundists from parts of the province far distant from Kherson, and for three days there was almost one continuous service in Preacher Mikhalloff's cottage, when Felix expounded passage after passage about Ezekiel's Four

Living Creatures, or the Seven Angels of the Apocalypse, for the enlightenment of the brethren, and Marya sang them her favorite hymns.

Now, up till that time—that was in 1890—the Stundists of Kherson had enjoyed comparative immunity from persecution; but blow after blow, unexpected and ruthless, began suddenly to fall upon them. Their meetings were prohibited by the police; Preacher Mikhailoff was arrested and, without trial of any sort, deported to a remote province on the Siberian frontier; five of the brethren, who had been in the habit of holding meetings in their houses, were arbitrarily fined; and a number of others were punished with various terms of imprisonment. The entire community was terror-stricken and disorganized. Only one man, Felix, kept his head. He had hitherto escaped punishment, and he determined to do something for his brethren in trouble.

But how? To whom should he turn for assistance and advice? At that time he did not possess a copeck of his own. He was a young and ignorant peasant, without powerful friends on whose support he could rely. He and Marya talked the situation over, and together they came to the conclusion that this persecution under which God's children were suffering was the work of evil men, and that the great Tsar on his throne knew nothing of it. Together they would go to St. Petersburg and fall at the foot of the throne, and, after imploring forgiveness for their temerity, they would beg for some alleviation of the condition of the brethren in bonds and trouble.

They did not discuss the matter with their friends. They made their simple preparations. With a wallet strapped on his back, containing provisions, and with a bundle of clothes on her shoulders, Felix and Marya left Kherson to present a petition to the Tsar of all the Russias. It was fine autumn

weather, and they soon walked the forty miles to Nicolaieff, the nearest railway station. Felix had no definite purpose in making for the railway, as he had no money to pay railway fares, but somehow he had the idea that distances all seemed shorter from a railway station. They wandered about in Nicolaieff for some days, and then decided to tramp along the line towards Kharkoff—it would be the shortest way. After six days' walking they arrived at a place where a large party of engineers and laborers were repairing a subsidence in the road. Felix asked for work for a few days, so that he might earn something for provisions, and the overseer, noticing that he was an intelligent man, gave him a gang of navvies to superintend. Marya also was in request, and she washed the engineers' linen and cooked their soup. But, although things were now going smoothly, Felix never forgot the object of his journey, and he determined to push on. One of the engineers, a kindly fellow, obtained for him and Marya a free pass to Kharkoff. Felix was overjoyed at this kindness, and he and Marya kissed the hands of their benefactor in their impulsive Russian way.

When Felix visited the brethren in Kharkoff they tried to dissuade him from his quixotic enterprise, but he had set his face as a flint and was immovable. Reserving three or four roubles for necessities, he bought tickets to Kursk. They had been gradually working northward, and it was now growing cold. They had left home ill-provided for an austere northern winter, but they never lost hope or courage, even when the first snows fell on their thin clothes. From Kursk they walked to Orel, and from Orel to Moscow. This is easily written, but it is impossible to convey an idea of the toil and weariness of that long tramp, of the dreadful weeks of suffering and privation. In

Orel Marya was so exhausted and worn, and her feet so covered with wounds, that she was obliged to go to the hospital. Felix, now and again on the road, had managed to find an odd job of work at which he could save a few copecks.

Arrived in Moscow, three months after leaving home, they took a long rest. Both of them needed it. Marya was still weak and worn to a shadow; Felix was frost-bitten in face and fingers and toes. They found work here, such as they could do, and living most sparingly they were again able to save a little. So critical was Marya's condition that Felix was anxious to stay in Moscow until the spring, but the evening after they had almost made up their minds to remain a police official visited their lowly lodgings.

"Your names?" he demanded, producing his note-book.

"Felix and Marya Tushkin, if it please your Highborn."

"Business?"

"Paperhanger and ovenbuilder."

"Business in Moscow?"

"Travelling through to St. Petersburg."

The petty official—he was in the lowest ranks of the police—looked sternly at the two quaking figures before him, ignoring Felix's repeated obeisances.

"Why to St. Petersburg? Where are you from?"

"From Kherson, your Highborn. We wish to present a petition."

"Show me the petition."

"It is for our Lord the Tsar."

The policeman drew back. He was afraid.

"I don't believe you," he said; "you must come to the prefect tomorrow at mid-day. He will cross-examine you, I can tell you. No subterfuges for him. You have been here a fortnight. We know all about you. The Tsar does not live here." He kicked a lump of melting snow, which he had brought in on

his boots, into the corner, and departed, leaving Felix and Marya deeply bowing.

Felix was alarmed, and, fearing if he went to the prefect he would be sent back to Kherson, was far on the great northern road at the time the policeman had appointed for the interview with his superior.

It was now the middle of January and the cold was intense. Along the desolate snow roads they struggled. Sometimes the peasants in the villages were kind to them, giving them shelter and food; sometimes the driver of a country sledge going in their direction gave them a lift for a few versts. After terrible suffering they reached Tver at last, but Marya, who for months had been struggling against her growing weakness, totally collapsed and laid down with typhoid fever. It was an agonizing time for poor Felix. She was carried in a sledge to the hospital, but as she was unable to pay anything for attendance she was shamefully neglected. Felix waited in Tver until his wife was a little better, but the doctor told him it was madness to think of asking her to accompany him farther. So man and wife thought and talked the matter over, and it was finally agreed that Marya should remain in Tver and try to find some employment, and that Felix should go on alone to the northern capital.

The long north road at last came to an end. Across the desolate wastes of snow Felix saw on the remote horizon the golden domes of the great city on the Neva. A few days more, he thought, and it will be Easter Sunday. The Tsar's heart and the hearts of his advisers will be softened at this time. They will remember "Khristos Voskres"—Christ is risen.

Sick and feverish, with burning eyes and blistered, frost-bitten face, he limped to a low waterside street, where he found a wretched lodging. For

week he could not leave his room. His feet were swollen and raw, and it was torture to stand. But late in Easter week he began to make inquiries as to how to approach the Tsar. Everybody laughed at him. They knew better at St. Petersburg.

"Why, you fool, you can't get within a verst of our Lord," said one.

"If you did chance to get nearer, you would be arrested as a Nihilist and sent to Siberia," said another.

"Go back to Kherson," said everyone who heard him.

This was very discouraging, but Felix had not yet lost heart. On the last day of Easter week he approached the huge building of the Ministry of the Interior. He had been told that he must apply there for permission to see the Tsar. In great awe he passed through the spacious warm halls where attendants and secretaries in grand liveries and uniforms lounged about or sat at tables. They stared at the gaunt, lame man, and said to one another that he was a "tchudak"—a strange fellow. A smart young official approached him, pulled out a scented handkerchief, waved it between him and Felix, and asked him his business.

Felix drew his precious petition from inside his coat and began laboriously to free it from its wrappings, amidst the ill-suppressed laughter of the young secretaries.

"What is this?" asked the secretary, taking the paper gingerly between his finger and thumb.

"A petition for our Lord the Tsar," replied Felix with bated breath. "Will Highborn condescend to read it?"

"No," and he handed it back. "You can see the Minister next Wednesday. Go home and write a petition to be permitted to see the Minister. If the petition is a proper one and worded correctly, his Excellency will see you on Wednesday. You can then tell him your business. Now go home, my good

man," concluded the secretary, again bringing his handkerchief into play.

Poor Felix went back to his wretched lodgings, hope at last beginning to ebb. He threw himself on the wooden bench that served as his bed and wept like a child. The sailors and riverside sluts in the big common room next to his heard his sobs and ceased their coarse merriment.

In the afternoon he hobbled about, with his sore feet, all over the city, gazing with fascinated eyes at the splendid cathedrals and churches and at the magnificent palaces of Tsars, grand dukes and princes. It was late when he returned. He heard some one follow him into his room. He turned round. The landlord carried a candle, and by his side was a man in the familiar uniform of a police official.

"You are Felix Tushkin from Kherson?" asked the official.

"At your service, Highborn."

"We have heard from Kherson about you. Now, my orders are to tell you to leave St. Petersburg tomorrow for Moscow. In Moscow you will report yourself to the police, and receive further instructions."

"But why? What have I done? I wish to see the Tsar. I have to see the Minister next Wednesday. I have a petition for our Lord."

"Listen, little brother," said the policeman, not unkindly; "you had better go. Queer times these. Get away as fast as possible, or it may go badly with you."

Felix left St. Petersburg next morning, and in due time reached Tver. His faithful Marya joined him, and on foot they tramped back to Moscow. But there was spring in the air now, and the road did not seem so long. In Moscow the police detained him for a month, but permitted him to seek work. They travelled by rail to Kharkoff, and here the brethren lent him sufficient to take him and his wife back to Kherson.

He was glad to see the blue Dnieper again. He had been absent just eleven months.

He found affairs at home much as he had left them. Poor fellow! he had done nothing to mend them. He had done his best, and failed. So, looking the inevitable in the face, and with much of the old hope and courage crushed forever, Felix and Marya settled down on the outskirts of the town, just opposite the Howard monument, and within sight of the jail where one

or two of the brethren were confined, and began to do their duty in a quiet, unassuming way. His favorite story to his children and friends in the long winter evenings is about that terrible journey which he once took to St. Petersburg, and the wonderful sights of the city. If you are a particular and reliable friend, he will show you the petition, now yellow with age and dirty with much handling, but still a document of much interest.

Michael A. Morrison.

The Leisure Hour.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO MILTON.

We considered, a short time ago, England's debt to Wordsworth. The appearance of Professor Corson's "Introduction to the Poetical and Prose Works of John Milton" (Macmillan & Co., 5s.) suggests the even greater debt that England owes to Milton. We say "greater," though we must make it clear that in a certain realm of poetic inspiration we think Wordsworth supreme. We should not dream of comparing him, as an artist, with Milton; we should not dream of suggesting that either his learning or his sheer intellectual power was comparable with that of Milton. It was as regards the subtly-blended relations of Nature and humanity that Wordsworth struck a note unique in poetry, conveying to us far-off hints as to our nature and destiny which have revolutionized English thought. But Wordsworth himself, as one of his noblest sonnets testifies, owed not a little to the inspiring example and lofty idealism of Milton; and we think that England has been a different nation from the fact that Milton was born a citizen of this land. It is not only that a line of poetic creation,

in which Keats and Tennyson have been the greatest names, has proceeded from Milton. It is not only that to Milton, as Arnold says, we owe the one conspicuous example of the "grand style," the one illustrious example of structural grandeur that we can show to the world as exhibiting the capacities of English poetry. It is the total personality and general achievements of Milton that we regard as constituting the immortal heritage, not only of this country of ours, but of all English-speaking people for all time.

If we want to know what Milton did for us, we must say that, excluding Spenser, who, as the "poet's poet," has never been and will never be read except by a few, Milton was the first and supreme poet who introduced a high, serious, and noble strain into our literature and life, clothing it in the most perfect artistic forms ever conceived among us, and permeated it with an idealism sane and (in the best sense of the word) thoroughly English on the one hand, while yet religious and divine on the other. He initiated us into the love of divine things, he redeemed us

from the dominion of earthliness. We have still much of the sot and the clown in our national life, but few of us realize the nature and extent of the mere carnal life of the mass of Englishmen until the Puritan movement had begun seriously to take hold of their minds. The Anglo-Saxon (we will not go into the question of the diffusion of a Celtic element; it is enough that the substratum of our population was Anglo-Saxon) was descended from sensual marauders, whose conversion to Christianity was largely nominal, given to gorging and drinking, filled, to use the Apostolic words, with "desires of the flesh and of the mind." It was necessary that a powerful antidote to this animalism should be found, and it was found in Puritanism. First came the great Lollard movement, the ground for which had been prepared by the Franciscans, and to this movement we may trace the beginnings of serious popular thought, religious earnestness, social reform, intellectual freedom, and that belief in a doctrine of "right" to which no race of mankind has ever been wholly indifferent. Persecution could not kill Lollardry, and the seed it sowed came up again in the reign of Elizabeth, when it assumed the form of serious life and democratic proclivities in Church and State. The debauches and buffoonery of James I's Court only deepened the new Puritan conviction, and when the hollow graces and deep-rooted immorality of the Court and aristocracy revealed themselves full-grown under Charles I, Puritanism stood forth as the political palladium and moral salvation of England.

Of this great movement towards high seriousness of life, towards a worthy conception of the ends of man's existence, Milton was the supreme exponent, and he imparted to it a breath of idealism, a spirit finely touched to fine issues, a largeness of view, a sense both of exaltation and of emancipa-

tion which, in the absence of his magnificent genius that movement might have lacked. Superficial chatter can only look at the sour, sad side of this movement, which has really created the England we care for. But all movements must be judged by their highest products, and in Milton we see the crown and flower of Puritanism, the genius who has justified it for all time. We know that he was not in all respects at one with either Puritan doctrine or discipline. His theological views diverged in important particulars from the Westminster Confession. His "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" could not have found favor in many Puritan households. His entire absence from religious service would have subjected him to severe censure in a New England Puritan township. But he stood supremely for the high temper, the strong, firm outlines of Puritan character; he stood supremely for political and intellectual liberty; and he was able to present to England these lofty ideals in the terms of a gorgeous and consummate literary expression, unsurpassed in its way, and never likely to be surpassed in the English tongue. To call Milton a politician or a moralist, or even a reformer, would be to apply to him words stunted, desiccated; in a sense he was all these, but he was more. No Englishman who ever lived has so fully realized the idea of what Israel meant by a prophet. Yet he was a prophet who was also a poet, versed in the finest details of his art. In him the sons of Zion and the sons of Greece were reconciled; in him was seen all the learning of his age, the most ardent yet most delicate service of the Muses, but all his vast and varied accomplishments were fused in the supreme devotion to truth and liberty, and the desire to make of England a worthy temple to these divinities. There has been no such combination of gifts, no such diverse powers

incarnated in one person in England's history.

For England herself Milton mainly desired the embodiment of these ideals: intellectual freedom, the position of the leader of the cause of liberty in Europe, and that worthy and noble inner life in the absence of which the outer forms of liberty are worthless. The "Areopagitica" is the greatest plea for the freedom of the mind ever written, let alone its splendor as a piece of prose; and though we have had our reactions since its production, in effect it killed the despotism over the mind. During the whole of the seventeenth century a Machiavellian despotism was desolating Western Europe, and preparing the way for unutterable tragedy in France. Milton, who had lived in the land of Machiavelli, and who saw with prophetic insight what this meant, roused England and Europe (he proudly asserts, with a noble egoism akin to that of Dante, of his work that "Europe talks from side to side" of this great task) to a sense of the danger. In "Paradise Regained" we find a great part of the poem devoted to the idea of that inner freedom, that liberty of the soul, to be gained solely by obedience to divine law which should come in priority to mere political liberty, as the real guardian and guaranty of free institutions. Milton was no democrat; he was an aristocratic republican, like Plato; he despised the mob as truly as he detested tyrants; he was for an or-

The Spectator.

dered liberty, a commonwealth of men whom, as Cowper said, the truth had made free, living under the reign of law. If our life and influence as a nation are to stand for a living influence in the world, if we are to be saved from the very real perils of materialism, we shall go to Milton for our ideal.

Matthew Arnold, in his essay on Milton, looking forward to the spread of Anglo-Saxondom, and quoting Heine as to the contagion of Anglo-Saxon vulgarity, says that the superb austerity of Milton will save us. So long as Milton is a power, the progress of the English speech cannot mean the spread of vulgar contagion. There was recently a discussion as to whether Milton was still read, the majority of contributors, if we recollect rightly, being of opinion that he was not. It will be an evil thing for England if that is true. But it is a notable fact that the work of Professor Corson, to which we have referred, comes from America, where serious study of our great poets is far more general (to our shame be it said) than in the old country. It is new countries with their mushroom towns, their rush of life, their crude methods, which all need the chastening influence of a great idealist. We gladly welcome, therefore, the sign that Milton is loved and studied in the great Republic whose infant origins proceeded from the same great movement which gave him birth. Yes, America, as well as England, owes a mighty debt to John Milton.

A STOUT HEART IS HALF-WAY THERE.

Arouse thy courage ere it falls and faints;
God props no Gospel up with sinking saints.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE TURKISH DANGER IN AFRICA.

There appears to be no reason for doubting that the Sultan of Turkey has despatched a strong military expedition to the central Soudan. Seven battallions of infantry, one cavalry regiment, and six batteries of artillery have, it is rumored been sent to the southern frontier of Fezzan, and the Turkish advance posts pushed forward 900 kilometres beyond any point hitherto occupied. A further telegram states that the Ottoman troops have actually occupied Wadai, although this news is regarded in some quarters as premature. Premature or not, the fact that the Sultan of Turkey is prepared to back up *manu militari* his declaration of suzerainty over Wadai is a startling innovation in modern African politics, and one which may have far-reaching consequences. What are the precise motives for the step? Constantinople advices are probably right in attributing it mainly to the provisions of the Anglo-French Convention of March 21st, 1899, clause 4 of which recognized French pretensions over Tibesti, Borku, Kanem, and the greater part of Wadai. The Sultan of Turkey protested at the time against the Convention, which he looked upon as an infringement of his shadowy rights over the Tripolitan hinterland. It was doubtless supposed that, in this instance, as in the case of Tunis, Egypt, and the Valley of the Upper Nile, Abdul Hamid would have remained content with a merely platonic demonstration. The contrary has happened.

For years Turkey has been silently but strenuously combating French influence in North Africa, while on their side the French have shown continued activity. Acting through the powerful authority of the religious confraternity of the Senussi—whose devotion to the

Ottoman Empire is common knowledge—Turkey has sought to thwart at every turn French efforts to penetrate into the Sahara, and the rich countries of the Chad Basin which lie beyond it. The Tuareg Hoggar have been found willing agents, and the names of Douls, de Palot, Flatters, and Morès recall so many disasters to prove how effectively the work has been carried out. If the expedition commanded by M. Foureau and Colonel Lamy, whose precise whereabouts is still a matter of uncertainty, has not also been annihilated, it has not been for the want of trying; and only the formidable armament and numerical importance of the French Mission has saved it from the fate that overtook its predecessors—if indeed it has escaped, for that has yet to be definitely ascertained. Turkish agents have, moreover, been successful in reconciling the Hoggar with that other powerful tribe of Saharan Nomads, the Azguezers Tuareg—hitherto irreconcilably hostile—and in detaching the latter from the nominal allegiance they have owed to France since the Treaty of Gadames, concluded by Marshal Pélissier in 1862. As the Hoggar and Azguezers between them control the desert routes which connect Northern Africa with the Chad, the extensive stretch of country separating Algeria and Tunis from the Central Soudan has become, as a result of Turkish diplomacy, resolutely hostile to the French. But the simultaneous advance of the French into the Central Soudan from north, west, and south, has apparently called for even more energetic measures. Hence the despatch of Turkish troops towards Wadai, and the sudden westward move of the Sheikh of the Senussi, who has left his *zawia* in the oases of Kufra,

and taken the direction of Borku to more conveniently observe the development of events, and fire the faithful with added zeal in their resistance to French encroachment. The Maba—the ruling race in Wadal—and the numerous Arabs settled in that country are wholly under the influence of the Senussi, and, if called upon, could put 7,000 well-organized and fairly well-armed men into the field.

To the political motives which have inspired the action of the Sultan must be added two very practical considerations—from his point of view. Tripoli largely depends for its commercial prosperity upon the caravan trade with the Lake Chad region, and especially—since the conquest and disorganization of Bornu by Rabah, at the end of 1893—upon Wadal and Sokoto. In 1887, 2,827 camels left Tripoli in different caravans for the Central Soudan, bearing merchandise valued at £55,000, and about an equal number arrived in Tripoli from the Central Soudan in that year, *via* the Air and Bilma roads, respectively, with ivory, skins, and ostrich feathers valued at £92,000. Now, the occupation of the highlands of Air and the plains of Kanem by the French would spell the absolute ruin of the Tripoli trade with the interior of Africa, which the French would naturally divert either towards Say, the Upper Niger and Timbuctoo, or to the Algerian and Tunisian roads. That is one of the practical considerations.

The other is the trans-desert slave trade, which still exists between the Central Soudan and some of the Tripolitan ports—Bengazi and Dernah, principally—despite the Firman of 1857, and the Imperial Irade of 16th December, 1889. The statement may seem extraordinary, but for all that it is strictly true. Slaves, provided with spurious letters of freedom, are still brought overland in fairly large num-

bers, and shipped from the two ports above mentioned to swell Turkish harems. Again, a French control of the Tripoli caravan routes would mean the total suppression, sooner or later, of the trans-desert slave trade, a consummation which would doubtless be most distasteful to the Great Assassin.

The Turkish advance into the Central Soudan constitutes a serious danger to British interests in Nigeria. Northern Nigeria is Mohammedan. Caravans from Tripoli are constantly arriving and departing from its great emporium, Kano, and numerous Fulani—the dominant race in Sokoto—are settled in Wadal. In Bornu, the Mohammedan adventurer Rabah possesses a powerful army of fanatical warriors, by whose assistance he has triumphantly carved his way in twenty years from the Bahr-el-Ghazel to Lake Chad, increasing his fighting strength with every fresh victory. Rabah has twice—in the space of nine years—defeated European expeditions. What will be the effect upon this remarkable man of the occupation of Wadal by troops belonging to the Sultan of Istamboul? We know that he received an embassy from the Sultan eighteen months ago, and it may well be that the Senussi will play the part of connecting link between Rabah's personal ambitions and Turkish aims.

A strong Pan-Islamic movement in Northern and Central Africa has been gradually increasing in intensity during the last few years. The militant attitude taken up by the Sultan will give to it an enormous impetus. The complicated administrative problems, which already confront Great Britain in Northern Nigeria, cannot but be materially increased thereby. Between Great Britain and France, at the present juncture, a community of interests in the Dark Continent is for once apparent.

The Speaker.

M.

OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Evelyn, somewhere in one of his delightful dissertations on gardening, speaks of "the affectation of Men to gratifie the Pleasure of their Eyes, inciting them to push on things to more and more Perfection." How very apt comes this sentence of "the grand old gardener" as one returns from an exhibition of the National Chrysanthemum Society! The Society was instituted, we read, just fifty-three years since, in 1846. The flower which it has taken under its patronage, upon whose aggrandisement it has bestowed so successfully such patient and ingenious care, has been established amongst us only a little over a century. The first time it was thought worthy of a "show" all to itself was in 1830. Fancy, if one of those early patrons could have dropped in at the Royal Aquarium last week and seen what his favorites had attained to! Surely he would have thought himself translated. The very generic name of the plant, the "golden flower," at first so pertinent, has lost its distinctiveness. There are golden chrysanthemums still, it is true, yellow blossoms, incomparable for purity and brilliance; but what of all these other colors not less brilliant and pure—these rich damasks, royal purples, flushed pinks, this dazzling of white that puts a snow-drift to shame, at last actually a bloom that is just sea-green? Color, size, form, growth, all have undergone a change that half a century ago—a quarter of a century ago, perhaps a dozen years ago—it entered into no man's heart to conceive. And the end is not yet, it may be; the last wonder has not yet been revealed for us; so limitless in its possibilities and potency is that "affectation of Men to gratifie the Pleasure of their Eyes, inciting

them to push on things to more and more Perfection."

"To every thing there is a season," we are told; and the saying might advisedly be taken as his motto by every sound gardener and lover of this ancient craft of husbandry. That it is not so taken, that gardeners and public alike are forever desiderating fruits and flowers out of their season, is due—well, to what is it due? Mainly to our childish misuse of those facilities which science of late years has too lavishly poured upon us. To be able to hurry through a hundred miles an hour, to have the wealth of all the world's nature brought to our doors, presto, prestissimo, fresh as gathered, to annihilate time and space and hold the most secret forces of the universe at our bidding—these things and their like are marvellous enough; nay, they may be most excellent for us all, when we know how to use them. But the mere science, the mere power, are not in themselves blessings unmixed. We do not wish to grow too serious here, or to run beyond the restricted, simple theme of this little essay; rather let us sharply recall ourselves at once to the fruits and the flowers. But what are these strawberries doing on our Christmas boards—these poor, vapid lilies of the valley amid our November fogs, these violets and narcissi, the spring's own attendants, ere the winter hath fairly begun for us? "It is a mad world, my masters," a topsy-turvy world, the seasons jumbled one with the other, growing more and more undiscriminated, undistinguishable. And who is the happier for it? Nay, what spirit, sensitive to the congruity and niceties of nature, is not scandalized by such restless vulgarity? "I doe hold

it," says Lord Bacon, "there ought to be gardens for all the Moneths in the Yeare; in which, severally, Things of Beautie may be then in Season." Of course, there, speaks wisdom; *omnia tempus habent*, "to everything there is a season." And after all we are not quite those masters of the situation we sometimes plume ourselves on being. Outraged nature has her revenges; she lets us go a long way, it is true, and take singular liberties with her, but she is our mistress in the end. Frankly, these Christmas strawberries are flavorless, these November lilies are sickly and all but scentless, that daffodil is but a mockery which cannot say to us, "Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

It is in part the justification and charm of chrysanthemum culture that this charge of unseasonableness does not lie against it. The chrysanthemum is by nature an autumn bloom, and we do but develop and somewhat protract its existence. As children, we used to look out in the smoky town gardens of thirty years ago for the little red and yellow blossoms which came along with October, the last treasures of the waning year. How welcome they were, not merely for their modest prettiness, when almost all other color had fled, but for the hardiness with which they would accept and flourish amidst the dingiest surroundings! We have called these small, old-fashioned blossoms modest. That certainly might seem the falsest epithet imaginable to apply to the vast and varied blooms that our connoisseurs nowadays offer to our amazed, almost incredulous, eyes. Yet consider their color for a moment. We often hear people speak of their color vaguely—even in this essay we must ourselves plead a little guilty to the charge,—as if they gave us an amazing

wealth of brilliant and rich hues. But stand off a space from a bed of chrysanthemums, and look down upon it from above, so that the whole effect as a mass strikes upon you; how singularly delicate and soft it is as color—how subdued, how far from flaunting garish, or assertive, either through brilliancy or richness! If it is not too fanciful to say so, there is an element of pensiveness in all this exquisite coloration; here are quiet, subtle hues, that do indeed seem appropriate, not to the fresh joys of spring or the lusty opulence of midsummer, but to the shortening hours of an evanescent year, when the mists gather quickly at sundown, and even the very sunshine itself is pale and cool, and each day's breath visibly strips the branches to strew the moist paths with their leaves, and all nature's sights and sounds and odors grow faint at the approaching end. It is in harmony with such a time as this, and with the human feelings born of it, that these chrysanthemum colors surely blend themselves. And even the flower's perfume, that strange perfume which is not sweetness, as the violet or the rose exhales sweetness, and yet, after all, is so sweet, fragrant as the upturned soil and akin to that wholesome, invigorating fragrance, how appropriate is this, too, to these late autumn days, that perforce bid us remember, solemnly yet not despairingly, how the earth awaits us also in our turn before long.

"To push on things to more and more Perfection." We have chosen these words of Mr. Evelyn as a sort of text for our meditation, and certainly they seem apt enough. It is not to be denied that art, and ingenuity, and patience have done marvels for this accommodating flower, and when we see a bloom nine inches in diameter it is not in human nature to remain unmoved, or altogether to withhold applause. Yet it is questionable whether

developments of this kind are, after all, quite a pushing things on to Perfection, as sane lovers of nature and of beauty would understand that fine word. The perfect beauty of a plant consists not in the abnormal development of one part thereof to the point of miracle, but in a concomitant development of all its parts to an increased general elegance. Art is the education of Nature, but of Nature consulted and understood as to her first principles. A flower, after all, though it is the crown of a plant, is not the mere end for which the plant exists, or its sole claim on our admiration. There is the foliage, there is the growth, there is the nice appor-

tionment of blossoms to the leaves they nestle against, and to one another, and to the stem that bears them all. We would be far from ungenerous to the patient care and ingenuity of our horticulturists, but might not the marvels and beauty they could give us be even greater were their genius somewhat more balanced? There is a touch of vulgarity—after all the ugly word will out—in this absorption on mere size and strange curiosities of whimsical form. In art, as in morals, virtue is a mean, and perfection comes only as the reward of a wide discernment, and of a judgment that can delicately adjust many various interests.

The Saturday Review.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The Old Year goes away; her eyes are sad—

The eyes of one who hopes or fears no more.
Snow is upon her hair; gray mists have clad

A form the vesture of the spring which wore.
The new buds quicken now beneath the clay;
But not for her—the Old Year goes away.

The New Year enters in: a happy child,

Who looks for flowers to fill her outstretched hand,
And knows not fear although the winds be wild.

Soon shall the birds be singing in the land,
On the young leaves the patter of soft rain,
And violets ope—the New Year comes again.

So with this mortal life: now young, now old,

A spring which never dreams of frost and snow,
Summer and autumn—then the tale is told;

With tired step, in wintry days we go.
God grant a wakening on some happier shore,
Where the lost youth and joy come back once more!

Mary Gorges.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

One of Mr. Sheldon's religious novels, "Phillip Strong: or, In His Steps," has been put upon the stage in London.

The Amsterdam Book Company announces in its series of Arthurian legends, "Tristan and Iseult" abridged from the middle German poem of Gottfried von Strassburg, and translated by Jessie L. Weston. It is in two volumes.

An extraordinary number of trashy novels is reported to have characterized the publishing season just closed in London. One literary editor admits having thrown into the waste heap within a few weeks one hundred and eighty-five novels, not one of which was worth a line of review as literature.

The two stories by Mrs. Wiggin, which are announced for early publication in *The Atlantic Monthly*, are described as "Penelope" stories, because they recall the characters who appeared in the story of "Penelope's English Experiences;" but they are of independent interest.

One of the most absorbing of the compact little "Beacon Biographies," is the latest one, "Frederick Douglass," which is especially fortunate in having for its writer a man of such intelligent sympathy and discrimination as Charles W. Chesnutt. The character of Douglass himself, his intensely interesting personality, and the greatness of his mission, could hardly fail to make a striking study, even at the hands of a less able biographer.

A slender booklet, whose daintily-printed verses well might have occupied a more pretentious amount of space, is "Sparks and Flames," by

Henry Wilson Stratton. These lyrics are of the out-door world, and make that appeal to the thought and conscience which the "green things growing" always have made to their rightful interpreters. Of the lighter verses, those named "Sun Money" and "The Snow-Cloth Makers," will be favorites. (M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels.)

An interesting Florida story is "The Sword of Justice," by Sheppard Stevens, which Little, Brown & Co. publish. It dates back to the struggle between French and Spanish for the possession of the territory, and its hero and heroine, Pierre and Eugenie, have a troublous time of it at the hands of the Spaniards, though the Indians with whom their lot is cast are admirably protecting. The romance of these two spirited young people is charming, the action of the story is prompt, and the portrayal of the old priest, Père Augustine, one to be remembered.

The question: "What is Left of the Old Doctrines?" which the Rev. Washington Gladden chooses for the title of a volume which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish, would be answered very differently according to the point of view of those attempting a reply. What is left of them, as Dr. Gladden views the net results of scientific and religious investigation, is told in this book in a popular way, with the simplicity and clearness which readers of his books have learned to expect from him. His conclusions may be disappointing, in some particulars, alike to conservatives and liberals: but both will give Dr. Gladden credit for sincerity and a helpful purpose. He likes better to construct than to pull down, and his hopeful spirit and warm sympathy go

far to establish cordial relations even with readers who do not take his point of view, or accept his conclusions.

A clear, reasonable, and distinctly useful little book for teachers, students, and music-lovers in general, is "Music and the Comrade Arts," by H. A. Clarke, professor of music in the University of Pennsylvania. The writer takes a large view of his subject, and makes many suggestions that ought to prove salutary as well as uplifting. The book differs from many musical treatises in being absolutely free from effusiveness, and its conclusions will be upheld by other artists besides musicians. Silver, Burdett & Co. are the publishers.

The underlying thought of the Rev. David Gregg's collection of sermons, "New Epistles from Old Lands," is an interesting one. While making a trip through the Holy Land, the writer seized and put into permanent form many of the more forcible impressions that came to him at Mount Carmel, or by the sea of Galilee, or as he drew near to Jacob's well. The first, and in some ways the most striking, of these is the sermon from which the book takes its title, for this contains a number of letters of greeting sent to his own American church, from Christian churches in Athens, in Rome, and in Jerusalem. (E. B. Treat & Co.)

No one is better qualified to speak wisely and authoritatively upon such a question as that of "The Future of the American Negro" than Mr. Booker T. Washington, who, as Principal of Tuskegee Institute, is doing so much to promote the best interests of his race. Mr. Washington's book, which Small, Maynard & Co. publish, is as sane and well-considered an utterance on this important question as has been made in any quarter. It is candid, dispassionate and practical, and if its

counsel were generally heeded by whites and blacks we should be far on the way to a solution of the negro problem alike in its political and economic aspects.

There is cause for encouragement in the vigorous treatment which the problem of the colored race is receiving at the hands of the story-writers. An interesting study of the conditions met and faced by a young colored school-teacher is "Stephen the Black," by Caroline H. Pemberton. The heroine, allied to the white race in looks and to the black in mental characteristics, is a pathetic figure, in spite of her brave dignity, and the book is well worth reading, not only for the fairness of its tone, but for the convincing quality of its truths. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)

Mr. James Schouler's "History of the Civil War" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is the sixth and final volume of the author's "History of the United States of America under the Constitution." It will be welcomed by the readers of the earlier volumes. It has an interest, also, altogether apart from those; for while linked with them as a part of the chronicle of the national life, it gives an independent narrative of the stirring period of the civil war, from the inauguration to the assassination of President Lincoln. Written so long a time from the events described, yet by one who witnessed some of them, it combines the vividness of contemporary narrative with the judicial quality of the work of a painstaking historical student. This is not a mere record of battles and marches, but a history of the period in its civil and political, as well as its military, features. There has been no lack of literature relating to the civil war, but we do not recall any single volume which treats the period so succinctly, so candidly, and so philosophically as this.

A BATTLESHIP costs millions: it may be a success or a failure. It depends on the Excellence of Design, Quality of Materials, Thoroughness of Construction. **A PIANO** may cost much, yet give poor satisfaction. A combination of the above three points are equally essential to the vessel of war and the peaceful piano.

THE EMERSON

more than any other American piano combines superior design, finest materials, best workmanship, together with reasonable prices.

Established 1849.

THE EMERSON PIANO CO.

110 BOYLSTON ST., BOSTON.

207 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

FITCHBURG RAILROAD.

Hoosac Tunnel Route.

The Short Line between

**BOSTON and
Albany,
Niagara Falls,
Chicago,
St. Louis,
Cincinnati,**

And All Points West.

Lake Champlain Route

Between **BOSTON and**

Burlington, Vt., Montreal, Ottawa

And all Canadian Points.

Palace, Sleeping, or Drawing Room Cars on all through trains.

For Time-Tables or space in Sleeping Cars call on any Ticket Agent of the Company, or address

A. S. CRANE, Gen. Traffic Mgr.

C. M. BURT, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.



PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Personally Conducted Tours

On February 12, under the escort of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, a tour will leave for

MEXICO and CALIFORNIA

Visiting all points of interest and spending

47 Days Trans-Continental Sightseeing.

Special train of Pullman Sleeping, Dining, Composite, Compartment and Observation Cars
OVER THE ENTIRE ROUTE.

RATE Covering every item of necessary expense **\$555**

WASHINGTON

Leave Boston February 2, March 2, 16, and 30, April 13 and 27, and May 11.

Rate Covering all expenses except supper returning. **\$25**

FLORIDA

Jacksonville Tours allowing two weeks in Florida. February 5 and 19 and March 5. **RATE**, covering Pullman accommodations, meals, and all expenses en route, — Boston, \$65; New York, \$50.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond & Washington

Leave New York February 3, March 3 and 31, April 14 and 28, Rate \$34. Old Point Comfort only, Rate \$15.

Descriptive Itineraries of D. N. BELL, Tourist Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

J. R. WOOD,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

GEO. W. BOYD,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent.

AMERICAN LAW REVIEW.

History. **FOUNDED** in Boston by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., in 1866. Purchased by Review Publishing Co. and moved to Saint Louis in 1882. Consolidated with Southern Law Review in 1883. Consolidated with Western Jurist in 1885.

Character. **BI-MONTHLY Magazine** devoted to the Law — each issue containing 160 (or more) pages, and making when bound a handsome book of 1000 pages.

EACH NUMBER CONTAINS

Contents. **LEADING ARTICLES**, by the best writers of the profession, on subjects of great interest to a lawyer.

EDITORIAL NOTES on all the live topics of the day — pithy, concise, and instructive.

NOTES OF RECENT DECISIONS giving all the important decisions of the State and Federal Courts without the necessity of going through a great number of reports.

LETTERS from distinguished lawyers on matters of interest to the profession.

BOOK REVIEWS of great value to a busy lawyer in indicating what new books are of value, and for what especial purpose.

Editors. **HON. SEYMOUR D. THOMPSON**, New York, author of "Thompson on Corporations," "Liability of Stockholders of Corporations," "Liability of Officer and Directors of Corporations," "Homestead and Exemption Laws," "Negligence," "Carriers of Passengers," "Charging the Jury," "Trials," "Law of Telegraphs, Telephones, and other Electrical Appliances," and other important works.

HON. LEONARD A. JONES, Boston, author of "Mortgages of Real Property," "Mortgages of Personal Property," "Corporate Bonds and Mortgages," "Pledges including Collateral Securities," "Liens, Common Law, Statutory, Equitable, and Maritime," "Forms of Conveyancing," "Index to Legal Periodical Literature."

Contributors. Hon. John F. Dillon, Gov. Pennoyer, Mr. Justice Field, Hon. Wm. H. Taft, Hon. James O. Pierce, W. L. Murfree, Sr., Conrad Reno, Jas. M. Love, Edward Ireland Kennick, Robert Ludlow Fowler, John Bassett Moore, and many others of equal note.

Subscribers. The leading lawyers in every State and Territory of the United States; every province of Canada; many parts of Mexico and South America; and the great cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Germany, Sweden, India, China, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands subscribe for it and find it of great value. From a great number of unsolicited testimonials we select one which differs from the others only in the one particular that the writer has been a reader of the REVIEW longer than most subscribers.

"Although I have retired from the Federal bench after twenty-five years and three months service I cannot well do without the REVIEW, which I have read during that time, and which every lawyer and judge should read. Wishing it continued success. Yours truly,

R. A. HILL."

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$5.00 A YEAR. SINGLE NUMBERS, \$1.00 EACH.

REVIEW PUBLISHING COMPANY,
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI.



Can you do better than to take the . . .

OVERLAND?



The Magazine of CALIFORNIA
and the West.

Here are

One Thousand Pages

of the fresh, strong work of the men and women of the West, writers who have lived the life of which they write, and have seen and felt the things they describe, and

Five Hundred Pictures

the work of the most talented artists of a region that has produced many such, and is producing them all the time. All

FOR ONE DOLLAR.

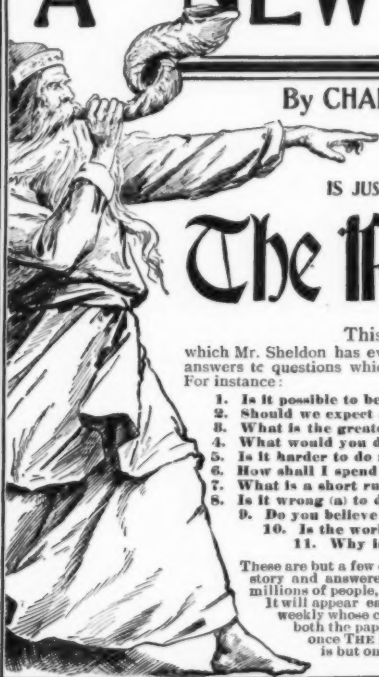
Every dime you spend for the magazine, and every copy that you read or send to a friend, is helping the OVERLAND in its great mission set before it in 1868, when Bret Harte gave it its motto: "Devoted to the Development of the Country."

It is never possible to announce the best things that are in store for OVERLAND readers, for they spring from the great events of the time; but these are interesting times for the world, especially in that great basin of the Pacific Ocean which is the OVERLAND'S territory, and the OVERLAND will not be found wanting in its presentation of these great happenings.

Put the OVERLAND on your List.

All Postmasters are authorized to take subscriptions.

A · NEW · STORY



By CHARLES M. SHELDON

Author of

"IN HIS STEPS," "MIRACLE AT MARKHAM,"
"MALCOM KIRK," ETC.

IS JUST BEGINNING IN

The Ram's Horn

This promises to be the most interesting story which Mr. Sheldon has ever written, for he weaves into the tale his own answers to questions which have been called forth by his other books: For instance:

1. Is it possible to be equally good always and everywhere?
2. Should we expect all our prayers to be answered?
3. What is the greatest need of the world to-day?
4. What would you do with a million dollars if you had it?
5. Is it harder to do right than wrong?
6. How shall I spend Sunday?
7. What is a short rule for business success?
8. Is it wrong (a) to dance, (b) to play cards, (c) to attend the theatre?
9. Do you believe in a personal devil?
10. Is the world growing better?
11. Why is it that more women than men join the church?

These are but a few of nearly one hundred vital questions woven into the story and answered by Mr. Sheldon. His books have been read by millions of people, who will watch for this story with happy anticipation.

It will appear each week in THE RAM'S HORN, the great independent weekly whose career has been so illustrious and progressive. To put both the paper and this story in the hands of a million readers at once THE RAM'S HORN will be sent Ten weeks for a dime, which is but one-fifth the regular price.

10 TIMES for 10 CENTS

That means that for only a dime you can get this wonderful paper, postage prepaid, for ten full weeks; every issue of twenty pages being chock full of unique, original, suggestive literature and art, including powerful cartoons in black and color drawn by Frank Beard; also, pictorial and reading matter of stirring interest, including articles in competition for THE RAM'S HORN prize of \$100.00 in gold for THE BEST PLAN AND CREED TO UNITE CHRISTENDOM. Sketches in competition for THE RAM'S HORN's monthly gold prize for THE BEST TALE OF MORAL HEROISM which can be told in a thousand words, and special articles by an able corps of contributors.

Hon. John Wanamaker says: "Many a single copy of The Ram's Horn is worth a year's subscription."

Bishop McCabe says: "The Ram's Horn is a wonderful paper. It ought to have a million subscribers."

BEAR IN MIND that you can get this splendid paper to weeks for 10 cents. Just take a

dime, wrap it in a bit of paper and send it with your name and address.

Those who respond quickly will receive as a special gift that remarkable little booklet known as

Into and Out of Infidelity. It gives the life story of a well-known man who tells how he became

an Infidel and how he became a Christian. There are a quarter million of these in circulation.

Send a dime and get one free, together with THE RAM'S HORN for ten full weeks.

TEN CENTS IN COIN OR STAMPS IS ALL WE WANT.

THE RAM'S HORN No. 102 LaSALLE AVENUE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

THE "ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH"

By Prof. Chas. A. Tyrrell,

[An advanced exponent of HYGIENIC methods of treating disease.]

There is a "royal road to health," if that road could but be found.

The author claims to have found that Road, and many people, in all parts of the world, are now walking in it with new-found joy in life.

While this book embraces the usual common sense and practical measures in regard to health, it goes a vast stride beyond the regular manuals on the subject of hygiene, in pointing out not only the *fundamental principles of cure*, but also the mainspring of longevity and vigor.

This edition is revised and enlarged and is the *fourteenth thousand*.

While this book gives POINTS to the Invalid, to the Imprudent, to the Mother, etc., it goes way beyond mere Points: it gives the world a Great Secret, overlooked by other writers,—the SECRET of Health and Longevity.

"I wish the 'Royal Road to Health' could be scattered broadcast over all our country."

REV. C. N. MORROW, Hawthorne, Fla.

"It is, without doubt, the most reasonable sensible, and logical work I ever read."

KATE M. BROWN, Ithaca, N.Y.

"I endorse every word of it. It is doing good missionary work."

DR. E. GALLUP, Santa Ana, Cal.

"It is an exceedingly valuable hygienic work, and tells, in a clear and forcible manner, how health is to be obtained and maintained."—*The Reporter*, Logansport, Ind.

"I think it admirable, and should rejoice to see a copy in every American home."

PROF. G. T. HOWERTON.

Normal Institute, Iuka, Miss.

Handsomely bound in cloth, sent for \$1.25 postpaid.

"OMEGA,"

A Thoroughly Up-to-Date Health Magazine.

REVEALS THE SECRET OF PERFECT HEALTH.

Long, too long, has man wondered what was the secret of Perpetual Health, a secret that seemed to escape his medical advisers. But at last, having, in other departments, formed the habit of thinking and acting independently, and alarmed at the enormous increase of human ills, spite of doctors and drugs, he is seeking for the source of these ills himself, and for the royal road to health.

The Editor of OMEGA, and a goodly company of other progressive minds, believe that they have found this secret and the road. At least, OMEGA will furnish a meeting place for the popular discussion of these problems, and in this respect, it is a thoroughly up-to-date publication. It is also "up-to-date" in that it will avoid the usual platitudes, fads, and fudge the "behind-the-age" publications have bored us with.

Price, One Dollar Per Year, Post Paid.

SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE LIVING AGE FOR THE NEXT NINETY DAYS. To any reader of this magazine who will send me \$1.50, we will send, post paid, "Omega" for one year and a copy of Prof. Tyrrell's "Royal Road to Health."

This should prove a tempting offer, being a combination of values at a nominal cost, that is seldom met with. You can not afford to miss it.

Don't "think" over it: Send for It at once!

OMEGA PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1562 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

COLLEGE

—OF—

Psychical Sciences.

THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD FOR THE

**Unfoldment of all Spiritual Powers,
Psychometry, Clairvoyance,
Inspiration, Healing.**

**The Science of Harmonies applied to the Soul of Music and Physical
Expression and Culture and Illumination.**

THE FACULTY.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, B.D., chair of Metaphysics, Ontology, and the Philosophy of Divinity; Mrs. BENJAMIN J. HARNETT, chair of Sanscrit Literature and Oriental Philosophy; Miss LUCY C. MCGEE, Ph., M.M.S., chair of the new Psychology and the Philosophy of Color and Color Forces; Mrs. ETTA MCK. MAYR, chair of the Psychology of Music; W. J. COLVILLE, chair of Mental and Spiritual Science; HERBERT PARKYN, M.D., (of the Chicago School of Psychology) chair of Suggestive Therapeutics.

P.S.—Special Mail Courses are prepared by the Faculty in its department for non-resident students.

For terms, circulars, percentage of psychical power, send a stamped addressed envelope to

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, Author and Lecturer, SYRACUSE, N.Y.

*Send Twenty-five Cents for a Sample Copy of, or One Dollar for a
Year's Subscription to*

"IMMORTALITY,"

THE NEW AND BRILLIANT QUARTERLY PSYCHICAL MAGAZINE.

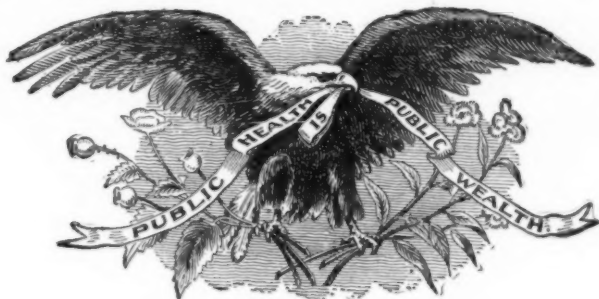
CLAIRVOYANCE: A System of Philosophy concerning its Law, Nature, and Unfoldment. Cloth. Second Edition. Price, \$3.00.

PSYCHOMETRY: How to Realize Intuition and Divinity.

AURAS AND COLORS. Price, 50 cents. Address

J. C. F. GRUMBINE, 1718½ W. Genesee Street, Syracuse, N.Y.

THE SANITARIAN



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

Established in 1873.

"THE SANITARIAN for June, 1892, contains a life-sketch of its venerable and distinguished editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, and several contributions upon 'The triumphs of preventive medicine,' in the interest of which Dr. Bell has labored so long and so successfully. * * * No one has been so long, so patient and so persistent in awakening public attention to an interest in this cause. No one has filled so many positions demanding skill in practical work. No one has been more successful in practical work under great difficulties. The writer of the article is Dr. Stephen Smith, the eminent surgeon and author."—*Tennessee State Board of Health Bulletin.*

Based at the outset upon medical knowledge and sanitary service, over an extensive field of observation in various climates in different quarters of the world, large experience in dealing with epidemic diseases, and practical sanitation for the maintenance of health under the most trying circumstances:

"The Sanitarian is"—

AS OTHERS SEE IT—

"The American authority for everything appertaining to the healthful condition of the people at large. The contributions are from medical men whose writings are accepted as authority," (*Virginia Chronicle*); "The best sanitary publication in America," (*Mississippi Valley Medical Monthly*); "Easily maintains its superiority over all similar publications," (*Medical World*); "Has accomplished more good than all of the other sanitary papers put together," (*Hydraulic and Sanitary Plumber*); "The value of a good sanitary publication can hardly be estimated. The superior of THE SANITARIAN we have never seen," (*The Free Methodist*); "The editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, is well known to the mercantile community for his co-operation with the merchants in quarantine reform, and to his profession as a leader in sanitary science," (*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*).

"THE SANITARIAN has been the exponent of the most progressive science of hygiene for more than twenty years," (*The Living Church*).

Two volumes yearly. The volumes begin January and July; subscription at any time.

TERMS: \$4.00 a year, in advance; 35 cents a number. **SAMPLE COPIES,** 20 cents—ten two-cent Postage Stamps.

All correspondence and exchanges with THE SANITARIAN, and all publications for review, should be addressed to the Editor,

DR. A. N. BELL,
337 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

Founded by Prof. Silliman in 1818.

Devoted to Chemistry, Physics, Geology,
Physical Geography, Mineralogy,
Natural History, Astronomy
and Meteorology.

Editor: EDWARD S. DANA.

Associate Editors:

GEORGE L. GOODALE, JOHN TROWBRIDGE, H.P.
BOWDITCH and W. G. FARLOW, of Cambridge;
A. E. VERRILL, H. S. WILLIAMS and L. V.
PIRSSON, of Yale; G. F. BARKER, of the University
of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; H. A. ROWLAND,
of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.;
J. S. DILLER, of U. S. Geol. Survey, Washington.

Two volumes of 480 pages each, published annually in **MONTHLY NUMBERS**.

This Journal ended its *first* series of 50 volumes as a quarterly in 1845, and its *second* series of 50 volumes as a two-monthly in 1870. The *third* series of monthly numbers ended in 1895. A *fourth* series commenced with January, 1896.

Subscription price, \$6.00. 50 cents a number. A few sets on sale of the first, second and third series.

Ten volume index numbers on hand for the second and third series. An index to volume XLI to L (third series) was issued in January, 1896; price, 75 cts.

Address,

The American Journal of Science,
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE INTERNATIONAL

AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Self-Instruction Courses in Foreign Languages: Wonderfully successful new method of teaching correct pronunciation. You cannot afford to neglect informing yourself about this.

Current Words: Gives pronunciation of new words and phrases that stump you. An exceedingly helpful department.

The descriptive articles, the fiction, the regular letters from London and Paris, the monthly review of other magazines—in short everything in **THE INTERNATIONAL** gives it a freshness and distinctiveness that are delightful after the sameness of the average periodical and makes it

A Bright Magazine for Brainy People

| | |
|---------------------|--------------------------|
| 10 cts. a copy | A. T. H. BROWER, Editor, |
| 25 cts. a quarter | 358 Dearborn Street, |
| 50 cts. a half year | CHICAGO, ILL. |
| \$1.00 a year | |

THE INLAND EDUCATOR.



A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
FOR TEACHERS.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES. . . .

Touches all phases of the teacher's work. A model of typographical excellence.

\$1.00 per year.

We shall be glad to send a Sample Copy free to any address on request.

The Inland Publishing Company,

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

ABBOT ACADEMY

For Young Ladies,
Andover, Mass.

The 71st year opens September 14. Three Seminary Courses and a College Fitting Course. Twenty acres lawn and grove. Four new \$100 scholarships. Annual expenses \$400. Address, Miss EMILY A. MEANS, Principal.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

The Great Artery of Trade and Travel between

NEW YORK AND THE SOUTH

**SOUTHWEST, FLORIDA, CUBA,
MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA . . .**

BECAUSE of its magnificent service, its numerous fast vestibule trains, with through sleeping-cars to all principal cities and resorts South, and the completeness of its system, offers the traveler the most direct, desirable, and comfortable route between New York and all Southern Cities and resort centers. It operates all the year round four through vestibule trains daily between New York and the South, and a fifth during the Florida season. They are known as



The Most Direct
and
Popular Route to
**FLORIDA and
CUBA**
NASSAU
JAMAICA
PORTO RICO
**THE LAND OF
THE SKY**
ASHEVILLE
Aiken
AUGUSTA
ATLANTA
BIRMINGHAM
BRACON
CHARLESTON
SAVANNAH
TOMASVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
NEW ORLEANS
SAN ANTONIO
CITY OF LOS
ANGELES
MEXICO and
San Francisco

In its service is found the fastest and most magnificent appointed trains in the world, operated daily the year round, composed of Pullman, drawing-room, sleeping-cars, library, observation, café, and dining-cars. Tourist sleeping-cars Washington to San Francisco without change Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS.—Tickets on sale commencing Nov. 1; good returning until May 31, 1906.

For rates, sleeping car reservations and information, call on or address

Geo. C. DuBois, New York, Pass. Agt., 126 Washington St., Boston.
Alon. S. Thwaites, East's Pass. Agt., 67 1/2 Broadway, New York.
J. M. Culp, Traf. Man., U. S. A. Traff. Gen. Pass. Agt., Washington, D. C.

CLYDE LINE



**DIRECT WATER ROUTE FROM
NEW YORK TO CHARLESTON
AND JACKSONVILLE
FLORIDA**

*Fast Modern Three Weekly
Steamships, Sailings,*

From Pier 45 N.R. New York.

RAIL CONNECTIONS TO ALL SOUTHERN RESORTS

THEO. G. EGER,
TRAFFIC MANAGER.

5 BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK

W. P. CLYDE & CO.
GENERAL AGENTS.

HOTEL EMPIRE

**Boulevard & 63d Street
NEW YORK**

(See advt. first issue in this month)

The Jones Umbrella "Roof"

MEASURE FROM TIP TO TIP OF RIB

Put on in
One minute.
No Sewing

Fits any
Frame.

COVER YOUR OWN UMBRELLA

Don't throw away your old one—make it new for \$1.00. Recovering only takes one minute. No sewing. A clumsy man can do it as well as a clever woman.

\$1.00
for a new
UNION
TWILLED
SILK
Adjustable Roof

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Send us \$1 and we will mail you, PRE-PAID, a Union Twilled Silk, 26-inch "Adjustable Roof" (28-inch, \$1.25; 30-inch, \$1.50). If the "Roof" is not all you expected, or hoped for, return AT OUR EXPENSE and get your money back by return mail—no questions asked.

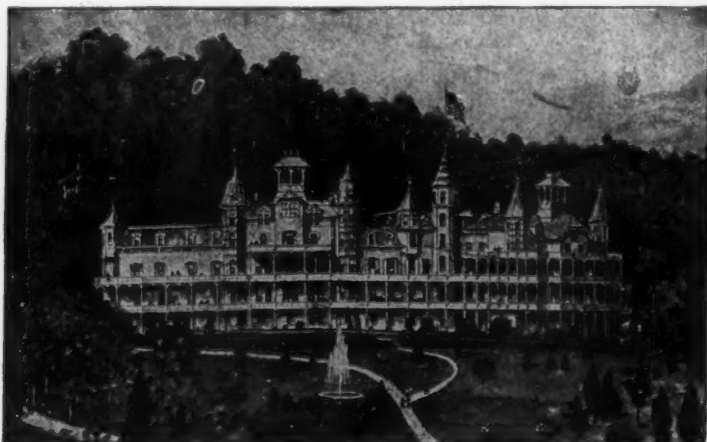
WHAT TO DO.—Take the measure (in inches) of your old umbrella. Count the number of outside ribs. State if the centre rod is of steel or wood. Full instructions for putting on the cover will be sent with all orders. Our special price list of different sizes and qualities mailed on request.

Send for our free book "Umbrella Economy" anyway. Your umbrella will wear out **some day** and you will be glad that you know about

THE JONES-MULLEN CO., 396-398 Broadway, New York.

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL LOCATIONS IN AMERICA.

Erected by its present Owners and Managers for its present purposes.



Walter's Park Sanitarium

Offers opportunities for rest and recreation seldom found. Park of 500 acres. Delightful drives; Livery; Dairy; Orchards; Gardens. Buildings of Granite Rock, 5 stories. 300 feet front. Sun Parlor. Heated by Steam and Open Grates; Lighted by Electricity; Elevator; Only 4 hours from New York; 2 hours from Philadelphia, Philadelphia and Reading R.R. Long Distance Telephone, 873, Reading, Pa. Money Order P.O. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address **ROBERT WALTER, M.D., Walter's Park, Pa.**

THE EMERSON PIANOS.

Have you ever listened to the EMERSON Piano? It is only by listening to the peerless tone that you can understand the reverence the musical world has for the EMERSON name. The EMERSON is not an ordinary piano. It is not in the ordinary class, but in a class by itself. Its merit has placed it in the very front rank. Its musical qualities are beyond criticism. **THE WORLD PRODUCES NONE BETTER**

Boston. Chicago.

he
ns
ent
ear

ery;
ated
ours
oney
Pa-
ino?
that
sical
ary
are